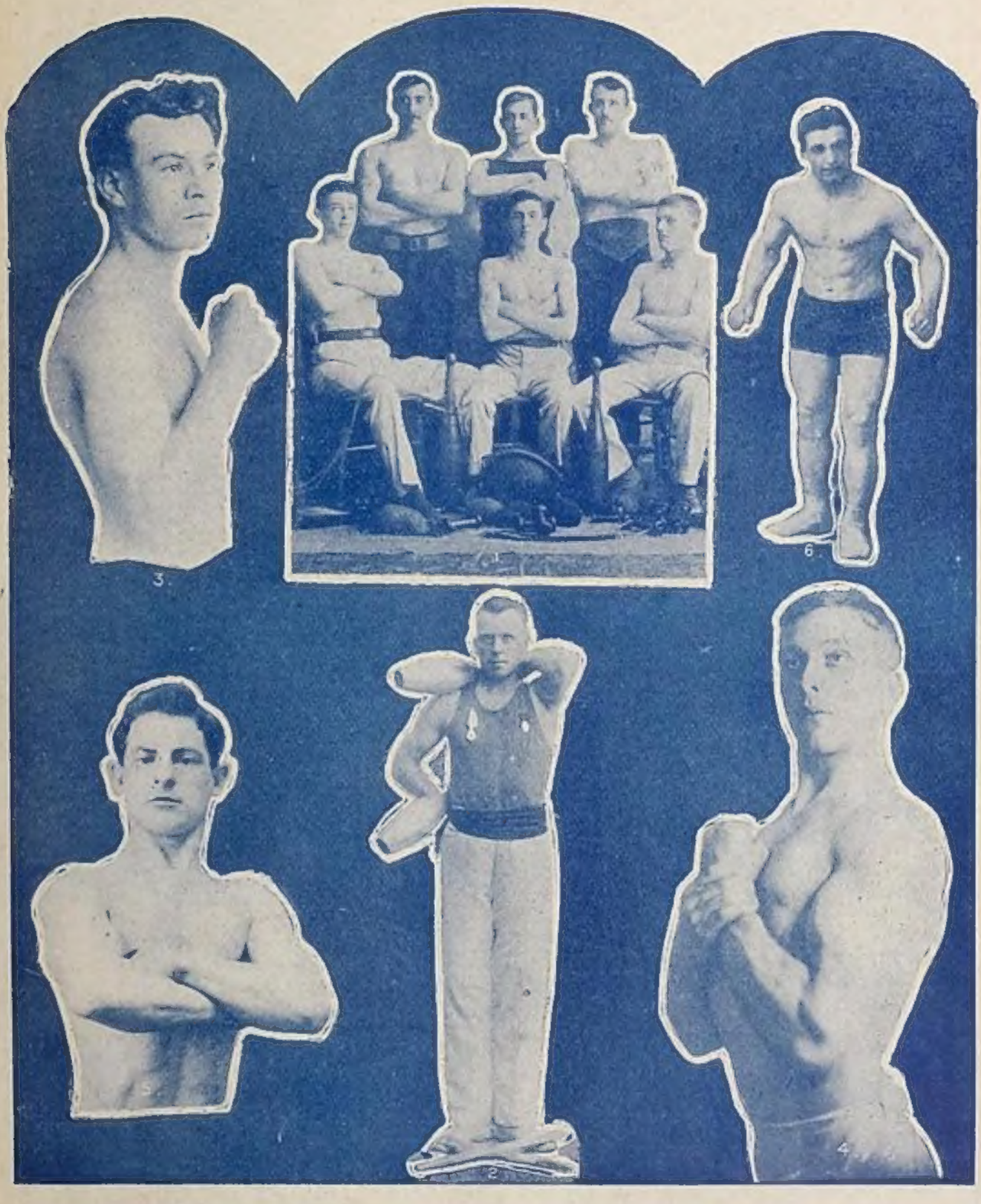
Vol. XVII. No. 15. 2D. OCTOBER 11th, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.



1. Members of Carlisle Athletic Club. 2. Pte. W. Spiers. 3. W. Blyth, Old Ford.
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK. By The Editor	449
"THE NEW ZEALAND SANDOW"	451
HOW TO BREATHE	453
THE SECRET OF PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY	454
WORK TO A SCHEDULE	458
READERS' CLUB	459
HOMER TRIES A REST CURE. By Sewell Ford	462
ARTICLETTES	465
POISONED BY TEA	467
PHYSICAL CONDITION AND TENNIS	468
SWEAT AND BE SAVED	469
"RUSHING," "HUSTLING" AND "DRIVING"	472
HOW TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES	474
IN THE ARENA OF SPORT	477
THE EDUCATION OF PLAY	478

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVII.
No. 15.

OCTOBER 11, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDITOR: EUGEN SANDOW.

Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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ADDRESS.—131, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.
Telephone: 3436 Central.
NOTICE.—Business Letters should be addressed to the Manager, Editorial Letters to the Editor. Cheques, Money Orders, and P.O.s should be crossed "London and County Bank."
PUBLISHING DAY.—Every Thursday.
SUBSCRIPTION.—Annual Subscription, 10s. 6d.; Half-year, 5s. 6d.: Quarter, 2s.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will at all times be glad to consider Articles, Stories, and Sketches, but in order to avoid waste of time, contributors would do well to submit suggestions for his approval before sending in their work. In no case can the Editor be responsible for the safety of unsolicited sketches and literary matter, but where stamps are enclosed he will do his best to secure their return if unsuitable.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is quite refreshing in this era of dietetic cranks and faddists to find a member of the medical profession with sufficient temerity to ignore any restrictions in the matter of diet except those which Nature herself imposes. Dr. A. T. Schofield is an excellent type of the physician who mixes common sense with his medical knowledge, and there are few writers or speakers on health matters whose views are more delicately balanced, more lucidly expressive, and more worthy of consideration and respect. His whole hearted condemnation of dietetic faddism, therefore, is only what one might expect, and his endorsement of the views I have so often expressed on the same subject is exceedingly flattering.

THE man who is always studying his stomach will quickly find that his stomach will treat him with scant respect. In fact, the healthy minded man cannot be a valetudinarian—or as Dr. Schofield expressively puts it, a "health-prig"—for health to him is a natural state, and the various organs of the body perform their duties so easily and automatically that he is virtually unaware of their existence. The man or woman who does his or her duty by his body in the matter of air and exercise will find that in the matter of food the body will itself be the best guide. In one of his lectures, Emerson said that if the stars only came out once in a hundred years or so, we should gaze with wonder and astonishment at them. The various functions of the body in health should by their ease and performance cease, even as the stars do, to enlist anything but an occasional sensation of admiration. A healthy stomach does not need to be pampered like a sick child, and all such pampering only tends to weaken it further and make it still more tyrannical.

THE man who is for ever studying digestive charts, who estimates the amount

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of proteid in a meal to the fraction of an ounce, who finds a pair of scales a dining table necessity, must be in a parlous state, both of body and mind. It is not by the reduction of food to a minimum, by the omission of this article or that from the menu, that the stomach of a weakly person can be trained. The stomach can be educated just like the biceps or the triceps to perform feats more and more difficult, but this cannot be accomplished by coddling it as the faddists would have us do. I have had among my patients the most acute cases of indigestion to deal with, and I have invariably found that curative movements properly directed and attention to the common sense laws of Nature, have succeeded in effecting a cure where every sort of dietetic vagary has utterly failed.

As usual, I notice that with the advent of October, there is a great increase in the number of those anxious to take up physical culture. When the summer days vanish, and gloomy winter approaches physical culture appeals to thousands, who feel the necessity of active exercise within doors. Already hundreds of new subscribers have sent in their names and subscriptions to the magazine, and I look forward to the coming winter to be a record season for the glorious cause of physical culture. The attention which has been directed to national physical deterioration has evidently not been altogether without result, and to me this splendid evidence of healthy re-action is, indeed, gratifying. I preached the gospel of physical education so long alone, that I cannot fail to be delighted with the fact that there is now emphatic evidence of a great national awakening.

YET there is much still to be done. I want to see physical education considered as important a factor in the training of an individual as mental and moral education. In every school, in every home, yes, even in every nursery, I want to see the bodies of the young educated to be healthy and beautiful. In this matter England still lags behind other countries, behind even her own great colonies, where physical training is made the basis of all other education. Sound minds cannot exist in unsound bodies, and it is never too soon to begin the physical culture of the child. The exercise at first need only consist of such play as leads to developing movements, and be gradually advanced as the child grows older.

I OFTEN think that many of those who begin physical culture, and who after practising it for a time lose their enthusiasm and give it up, do so from want of congenial company. Man is a gregarious animal, and likes the society of his fellowmen. For this reason, I am a strong believer in the young man who is beginning to take up physical culture joining a school or club at the outset. To mingle among kindred spirits gives zest to the appetite for health and strength, and kindles a healthy *esprit de corps*. The monotony of exercising regularly alone is, in the case of many temperaments, too freezing a test on one's enthusiasm, and this method should be varied by occasional nights at a school or club where the "atmosphere" is congenial.

I AM glad to see that many football clubs are this year making physical culture an item in their training programmes. I think it would be a good thing if every football club, every athletic club, every harrier club, every club formed for the purpose of indulging in any outdoor sport or pastime, were to devote at least one night per week to a course of physical exercise with dumbbells and developer. The benefits of physical culture were apparent in the case of the New Zealand footballers last year, and are again being demonstrated by our South African visitors, most of whom are physical culturists. The best of these is Mare, and the way in which he kept his feet in the match against the Midland Counties, with no fewer than three men trying to drag him down, was the best evidence of the value of his experience as a strong man.

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"THE NEW ZEALAND SANDOW."

A Remarkable Athletic Career.

[The following is a resume of the remarkable athletic career of Mr. R. O. Jarrett, of Wanganui, New Zealand. It is from the columns of the WANGANUI HERALD, *a paper that is doing very valuable service to the spread of physical education in New Zealand.*—THE EDITOR.]

FOR some time past Mr. R. O. Jarrett's name has been prominently before the public as an exponent of what is termed "scientific breathing," as taught by Eugen Sandow. Realising the great value of scientific breathing as an aid to health, Mr. Jarrett is endeavouring to get the other Education Boards throughout the Colony to follow the example of the Wanganui Education Board in having the school children instructed how to breathe correctly, and it is to be hoped that he will be successful in his efforts, as the innovation cannot help proving in the highest degree beneficial to the health of all who are taught the art properly. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Jarrett is an old Wanganui boy, as his many fine deeds in the athletic world will still be quite fresh in the minds of a great number of readers, but a few particulars of his career may be of interest at the present juncture. It can be said with every confidence that "Dick" has proved himself to be one of the greatest all-round athletes this colony has produced. On the running track he demonstrated that he could hold his own either in sprints or in long distance events, while as a walker he did exceptionally well. Space will not permit of giving anything approaching a full record of his many performances, suffice it to say that he was only sixteen years of age when he won his first race in open company. He was placed 167 times in finals, securing first place on no fewer than sixty-five occasions, being second sixty-three times, and third thirty-nine times. At one meeting Jarrett secured five firsts, one second, and four thirds in one day out of twelve events on the programme. Needless to say he won the points prize. At another meeting he secured five firsts and one second. He only competed at four meetings during his career whereat he failed to win

THE EDITOR AND MR. R. O. JARRETT,
"The New Zealand Sandow."

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some of the prize money offered, and very often he had the pleasure of carrying off the biggest cheque. "Dick" has had the honour of filling the position of virtual scratch man in the Feilding Sheffield, the biggest sprinting event in the North Island, and has figured as a back-marker in numberless long-distance events. He never specialised over any particular distance, in fact at many gatherings he competed in nearly all the sprinting and the long-distance races on the programme, and though he had frequently to compete against some of the best men from Australia as well as the pick of this colony's athletes, he almost invariably gathered in a big share of the shekels. Many excellent judges expressed the opinion that had he confined himself to middle-distance running, Jarrett would have been a champion. As it was he established some remarkably good times over all distances, though perhaps he was more at home on distances ranging from about 250 to 880 yards. Had he trained especially for the half-mile he would probably have got well within two minutes for the distance, for as it is he has been credited with getting over the 880 yards flat in exceedingly fast time. On his day, too, there have been few better milers seen here, while it took a fast man to run into a place in the Champion Race at Feilding, as "Dick" succeeded in doing, winning once and once third. Many of his deeds on the path will be remembered by my readers, but perhaps his performances of winning the 100, 220, and 440 yards at the Caledonian Meeting in 1891 stands out as the most noteworthy he accomplished in Wanganui. As a walker Jarrett was fairly successful, and proved himself one of the best of his day. In this connection it is only necessary to recall his fine effort in the Drill Hall when he defeated Tom Ryan—one of the gamest and fairest heel-and-toe artists who ever put a shoe on—in a match race, and got very near the New Zealand record for an hour's walk on the boards. Another branch of athletics in which he excelled was in wrestling, a game at which he was never beaten, while with the gloves "Dick" has given ample evidence of his skill. Then again he was very successful as an oarsman, and won numerous prizes on the rifle range. As a member of the Wanganui Fire Brigade, "Dick" had a very good innings at the competitions in which he took part. One medal he won in 1892 at one of these competitions was presented by the late Mr. James Smiley for a one-man stand-pipe competition, the conditions of which were: Run ten yards, pick up stand-pipe, run 100 yards to plug, put down stand-pipe, and show water; each competitor to have three runs, the highest aggregate to win. In the first run Jarrett beat the New Zealand record by one-fifth of a second, in the second run he equalled the record, and in his third run he beat it again by one-fifth, winning by an average of one-fifth of a second each run, or an aggregate of three-fifths of a second. Mr. Tom Copeland was second in this competition, and in one of his runs "Tom" also equalled the record. If there is one thing which establishes Jarrett's fitness to teach breathing exercises to children, it is the fact that he has proved himself a very successful trainer of athletes, having improved some of the young runners whom he took in hand out of all knowledge owing to the skilful methods he adopted. Altogether Mr. Jarrett appears to possess all the attributes necessary to ensure his being able to get the best possible results in the way of physical culture from the material placed in his hands, for not only has he made a special study of the best methods of physical development, but he is brimful of enthusiasm in his work. A straight goer always and one of the gamest peds who ever donned a shoe, "Dick" well deserved all the success which he attained. It is to his credit, too, that he was ever willing to give his advice to the young and inexperienced athletes, even though by so doing he had himself occasionally to submit to defeat at their hands. That the work now being done by Mr. Jarrett in instructing the pupils at different schools in the art of scientific breathing will prove of incalculable value to the rising generation, and assist materially towards developing the physical and mental powers of all who take lessons from him is certain.

THE Bedouin Arabs are small eaters. Six or seven dates, soaked in melted butter, serve a man a whole day with a very small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

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HOW TO BREATHE.

HORSES, dogs, and babies know how to breathe without instruction, but the majority of adults and even half-grown children are quite unacquainted with the art of physiological breathing.

In normal breathing the principal movement is at the waist. It is not only the chest which should increase in size, but the whole trunk as well. As the diaphragm contracts it moves downward, occupying a part of the space formerly occupied by the stomach, liver and other organs. These are pushed down. The farther the diaphragm ascends, the greater the amount of air which can be drawn into the lungs. When the lungs are filled to the utmost capacity, as in full respiration, the chest first expands at the waist and then in its upper part.

Some suppose that the lungs are filled by the action of the abdominal muscles. In filling the lungs the diaphragm is forced downward in opposition to the abdominal muscles. The chest is emptied largely by the elasticity or contraction of the abdominal muscles, which resist the diaphragm, thus diminishing the size of the chest. At each contraction of the diaphragm the liver, stomach, and other abdominal organs are compressed between the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles. The blood which they contain is thus forced into the chest cavity, and quickly finds its way to the heart, to be again distributed throughout the body.

Deep breathing, then, is of the highest importance in maintaining the health of the stomach, the liver, and other abdominal organs. When deep, forceful respiration does not occur, the blood stagnates in the abdominal muscles, and disease is the result.

The best means of inducing deep breathing is rapid walking or running. Special gymnastics are also useful for the same purpose. Any form of exercise which quickens respiration will encourage deep breathing.

This is a question of the highest importance, and should receive more than passing notice. Chronic invalids of all classes should practice deep breathing assiduously, not only during gymnastic exercises or for a few minutes daily, but systematically during their waking hours.

VALUE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

I AM certain I could have performed twice the labour, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organisation, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labour I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the past twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behaviour; and during the whole of this period, as a Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.—HORACE MANN.

DRUNK AT SCHOOL.

IT is the custom in the Canton of Ticino, where liquors are very cheap—as large quantities are smuggled across the frontier—to drink "petits verres" before and after every meal.

Black coffee and kirsch or cognac often replace coffee and milk at breakfast, with the result that the children, often of a tender age, arrive at school intoxicated.

The other day a school inspector, dropping in unexpectedly on a class of some fifty children of both sexes, varying in ages from seven to fourteen, found that more than half the class were completely intoxicated and sleeping, while the other scholars were more or less under the influence of liquor.

THE BIBLE AND STRENGTH.

"BE strong, and quit yourselves like men" (1 Sam. iv. 9).

"Quit you like men, be strong" (1 Cor. xvi. 13).

THE SECRET OF PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY.

How to Become Physically Efficient.

[There is no royal road to physical efficiency, the human body is far too complex and delicate a machine to be put right with a pill or a prescription when once it has become deranged through neglect. In the book which forms the basis of this article science and common sense are brought to bear on the problem of health foundation and preservation, with results that will prove of equal interest and assistance to all.]

SLOWLY we are coming to regard physical fitness in its true light. We are coming to understand that it is not a desideratum for which only those with athletic ambitions should strive, but a state of health as essential to the middle-aged City merchant or the mother of a family as to the would-be International footballer.

Because "fitness" does not imply ability to do the Hundred Yards in even time or the Mile under five minutes. It implies physical efficiency: the fitness of men and women to do their life's work. It means, to put it in a form which may bring the matter home, the application to ourselves of the same principles of hygiene that we take care to see our horses and dogs enjoy.

We know that daily exercise is necessary for these animals, and if we wish to keep them in health—and to keep them useful—we see that they get it. We know that certain kinds of food are bad for them, that too much of any kind of food is even worse, and again, if we wish to keep them in health—and to keep them useful—we see that they are fed with wisdom and moderation.

It is very nice and humane of us. The Briton's regard for animals is one of the most excellent traits in his character. The amazing thing is that he has—take him on the whole—so little regard for himself. Who has not heard a man say, pulling himself out of his easy chair, "I suppose I *must* take those dogs for a run?" or "No, please don't give Rags such a lot of sugar, it's frightfully bad for him?" His dogs benefit by this care. Meanwhile, says the *Rapid Review*, he himself neglects exercise, eats at regular intervals whatever he most fancies.

He is sedulously making himself inefficient. And this is not only discomforting for himself and opposed to his chances of success, it is perpetuating that physical deterioration of the race of which we are hearing so much.

"In its widest sense physical efficiency implies both bodily and mental efficiency; for although physically unfit persons do occasionally exhibit mental powers of a high, it may be of the highest order, the continuance of the species will not be of them nor of such as they. The physical and moral health of the people is the all-important factor in a nation's welfare; all other considerations are merely details of policy. Governments come and go, monarchies fall and republics rise, even religions and religious beliefs alter, but the soundness of the people, physically and morally, is the essence of national being."

That quotation is from "Physical Efficiency" by Dr. James Cantlie, an admirable handbook to the attainment of health and happiness. It is published by Messrs. Ritnam's at 3s. 6d.

It is easier to keep fit than to become fit. Great is the responsibility of parents to see that they start their children on the threshold of their careers healthy and with the spirit of health in them.

INFANCY.

Dr. Cantlie's book is made particularly interesting by the attention he pays to "little" matters. Evils usually overlooked but productive of enormous harm. They are the more interesting. We will pass over, accordingly, what he says on the obvious dangers of improper feeding of infants, and touch on a "little" matter wherein the most careful of mothers are apt to offend—the use of that

solid india-rubber teat known as a "comforter."

Where you find mothers opposed to this article it is usually on the grounds that it will "spoil the shape of baby's lips." The evils attendant on its use are more deep-seated:

To understand what the "comforter" does, let any adult try the experiment of keeping one in the mouth and sucking at it for, say, half an hour. After even a few minutes it is found that the roof of the mouth becomes painful and the mucous membrane covering the hard palate becomes swollen and irritable. The roof of the child's mouth, however, does not consist of bone as in the adult, but of cartilage (gristle), which yields to the continued pressure of the teat and is pushed upwards, causing a high arch (Gothic arch) to the palate. When the roof of the mouth is pushed upwards, the floor of the nasal cavity is encroached upon, and the passage of the air through the nose impeded. The child finds breathing by way of the nose difficult, and mouth-breathing with all its attendant evil effects is set up. The natural channel by which the air enters the lungs is through the nose, where the air is moistened and warmed before it reaches the windpipe and lungs. When the air enters directly by the mouth, the throat and tonsils are subjected to direct irritation, and resulting enlargement of the tonsils still further impedes respiration.

The effects are widespread.

Breathing becomes laboured. Gradually the amount of air taken in at each inspiration becomes lessened, tending to diminished expansion of the lungs, narrowing of the chest, and imperfect oxidation of the blood. The upper jaw becomes pointed in front. Its front teeth project, its back teeth do not approximate to the back teeth of the lower jaw, with consequent imperfect mastication in after-life.

Also the hearing becomes affected:

At either side of the upper part of the pharynx are the openings of tubes (Eustachian) which lead to the ears; the adenoids frequently block these openings, and, the balance of air in the ear being disturbed, impaired hearing results. In time further ear troubles may ensue with discharge of matter and destruction of the drum, when more or less permanent deafness ensues. The above-mentioned alterations in the mouth, throat, nose, pharynx and ears are the direct consequence of mouth-breathing.

To the improper feeding of infants we must make one reference. The evils of bottle-feeding are becoming well known. To this practice Dr. Cantlie attributes the alarming degeneration of our teeth. For this reason: the breast-fed infant gets its milk throughout the entire meal at the normal temperature of the human body. The bottle-meal is never at the same temperature for two minutes together. At the beginning usually too hot, at the end too cold:

The mucous membrane of the bottle-fed infant's mouth is kept in a partially scalded, sodden, and swollen condition. But in the child's gums are the milk and permanent, that is, the first and second sets of teeth; for both these are present, even before birth. The permanent irritation of the mucous membrane attracts the blood-vessels to the surface of the gums and mouth generally, thereby preventing the teeth in the gums gaining their normal supply of blood. Deprived of blood, they grow imperfectly; and the teeth, whilst biting or grinding food, are apt to have their enamel broken, the dentine exposed and a pathway for infective germs opened, and the tooth becomes carious (ulcerates and decays).

BOYHOOD.

Dr. Cantlie finds serious fault with the modern clothing of young boys.

Quite young boys and girls are not clothed alike as heretofore. At an earlier age than used to be the case boys are taken out of frocks and put into "suits." A "sailor suit," made of thin serge for winter and cotton for summer wear is affected by the majority, and the underclothing consists of close-fitting "combinations," reaching but a short way down the thighs. This is an insufficient clothing for a growing boy. The young girl is usually much more suitably clad:

her loins and abdomen are kept warm by virtue of the petticoats, frock, etc., she wears, and there is nothing to complain of as to the amount of *her* clothing.

Not so with the boy of to-day; when two and a half or three he is put into a "suit" which gives little warmth, especially around the waist, where warmth is essential. Forty years ago it was not so; boys were not put into "suits" until a much later period; their dress until the age of six or eight was practically the same as girls'. All this is, however, changed, and our boys when mere infants are now clad in garments which, when actually weighed, show that girls are given much heavier and therefore more ample clothing than are boys.

The idea is to "harden" the boy; to make him a "little man." That he may be—for a time. The probability is that he will never grow to be a big man. More boys are born into the world than girls, yet when adult years are reached the women outnumber the men. It is Dr. Cantlie's opinion that, except in very hot weather, "in this country the weight of clothing for children ought to be 1 lb. weight to every stone weight of the body." The essential parts of the body to keep warm are the loins and the abdomen. This the sailor suit utterly fails to do. For very young boys the kilt is the ideal dress, and, when older, the Norfolk jacket. The Eton jacket is a degree worse than the sailor blouse.

MANHOOD.

We have no excuse for under-exercise or over-exercise, under-feeding or over-feeding. Medical science has exactly mapped out the nice medium which will produce the best results.

In twenty-four hours the body should do a certain amount of work. This is calculated in "foot-tons"—a foot-ton being the amount of energy necessary to raise a ton one foot from the ground. A man weighing 11 stone should expend 3400 foot-tons of force. This he does through three channels: (1) internal work; (2) production of heat; (3) muscular work.

The first comprises the work expended by the internal organs engaged in digestion, circulation, respiration etc. The total amount of energy thus expended in twenty-four hours (by our 11-stone man) is 260 foot-tons. There remain 3140 foot-tons to be expended in the production of heat and in muscular work. Of these no fewer than 2840 are spent in the production of heat by the body. Thus, by what may be termed the passive energies, 3100 foot-tons of energy are absorbed. Three hundred foot-tons remain to be put in by muscular work—exercise:

This, of all the means of expenditure of force, is the most variable, for it is directly under the control of the will, and is therefore distinct from the more passive forms of expenditure hitherto dealt with. On the management of this expenditure greatly depends our bodily health and our physical efficiency. When the energy is not expended, the whole of the body gear is thrown out of order; the muscles become soft and fatty; the heart impaired in action; exercise becomes more and more a difficulty and a labour; and the unexpended energy, like a restless prisoner, determines to escape by by-paths and by channels not consistent with health. The expenditure of muscular force in marked excess of the 300 foot-tons, on the other hand, must be injurious; so that, whether the amount of energy put forth falls short of or exceeds a just and due proportion, each is prejudicial to health and long life.

How is this amount to be put in? It will come as rather a shock to the reader to know that a mile walk is the equivalent only of 17 foot-tons. Were the man's daily expenditure of energy confined to walking exercise he would have to walk some eighteen miles—say five hours—daily:

But from the hour of getting up in the morning until going to bed at night the available muscular energy is being expended in a great number of ways. The act of dressing, getting up and down stairs, going to and fro to work, the muscular force expended at even so-called sedentary occupations and in the ordinary avocations of life, consume

a considerable amount of the available 300 foot-tons, so that the amount of force and the time to be spent in bringing the average up to nearly 300 foot-tons is markedly lessened; by how much will depend very largely on the nature of one's occupation.

The force expended in going up one step of a stair, for example, is seventy-seven foot-pounds. A man who goes up seventy steps during the day (not a high average) expands thereby nearly two and a half foot-tons in the performance. One way and another so much energy is "unthinkingly" expended that Dr. Cantlie thinks the actual time which should be spent in walking by persons leading more or less sedentary lives need not exceed one hour a day:

By this is meant one hour wholly given up to walking at a stretch, not half an hour in the morning, and, say, half an hour in the evening. There is a great difference between walking for an hour at a stretch and for two half-hours at different periods. It appears absurd at first sight that this should be so, for one may say, "I have expended the necessary amount during the twenty-four hours, therefore I ought to be considered to have done my duty." It is not so, however; many quite feeble persons or invalids can walk a short distance, and with intervals of rest, resume exercise; but to walk straight off for one hour at a fair pace may be impossible. The heart and circulation of a person with a flabby or fatty heart may be equal to half an hour's walk, but be wholly unable to accomplish one hour at a stretch. It is necessary to walk so as to stimulate the heart and circulation if any real good is to be obtained from walking, and this cannot be done by short spurts, but by keeping up the exercise for at least one hour at a time.

The *rate* of walking is important. A brisk walk increases the rate of circulation, gives the heart more to do, and thereby lays up in it a reserve of strength which may at any time be safely called upon to respond to sudden emergency.

Walking at the rate of one mile an hour the air inspired amounts to 912 cubic inches per minute; two miles, 1320 cubic inches per minute; four miles, 2400 cubic inches per minute; six miles, 3260 cubic inches per minute. This enormous increase of the movements of the chest and of the quantity of air consumed during exertion will at once bring home a number of lessons.

Any additional weight that may be carried adds enormously to the amount of energy expended. We have shown that a mile walk involves the expenditure of seventeen foot-tons. But supposing a 5 lb. great-coat and a 7 lb. hand-bag to be carried it will be found that the amount of energy then expended is 19.07 foot-tons or 2.6 foot-tons extra per mile. Here we see why military marches are, to the civilian, so short. A soldier's kit weighs on the average, 60 lb. A ten mile march will involve the expenditure of 247.50 foot-tons of energy!

EAT VEGETABLES.

WE consider green vegetables to be far more valuable than a dose of medicine. They contain true medicinal properties in the form of salts for the body. Asparagus will purge the blood. It acts beneficially upon the kidneys. Spinach and dandelions also act beneficially upon the kidneys. Lettuce and cucumbers cool the blood. Celery tones the nerves and produces healthy sleep. Onions, leeks, and garlic increase the blood circulation, promote digestion, and increase the flow of saliva and the gastric juices. Peas and beans are muscle-forming. Tomatoes act beneficially upon the liver. In fact, every product of vegetable, choose whatever one you will, possesses elements suitable for the body. Eat plenty of vegetables.

TENORS v. BASSES.

ALTHOUGH Signor Caruso thrives, opera managers and throat doctors say that the tenor species, as a general rule, is dying out. Fewer and fewer, in France, at all events, are born or made. One physician calls this a good sign for the race, as in his opinion the tenor voice is unnatural, and tenors are not fine specimens of masculinity. But Dr. Poyet, another authority, contradicts him indignantly, and stands up vigorously for tenors. He acknowledges that the mere tenorino is a weakly, unmanly creature, but the robust tenor is a fine piece of manhood. The true degenerate is the bass. Look at Caruso, de Reszke, Alvarez, cries Dr. Poyet. The tenor has shorter vocal chords, and requires, therefore, greater chest power to produce volume of sound. "Basses, on the contrary, are generally thin, dried-up men of weakly aspect." If the doctor's theory be not somewhat arbitrary, which seems quite possible on the face of it, all men should endeavour to soar at least to upper G.

WORK TO A SCHEDULE.

Some Advice of an Old Engine Driver.

[The following article is the contribution of one of our readers, who fills the exceedingly responsible position of driver on a famous express.—Editor.]

THERE are too few who are willing to work and too many who waste their time in grumbling to keep good men down. There is always a chance for us if we go on through life obeying rules that we obliged ourselves to obey and live by the book of honest endeavour.

When a man gets one of these machines that hauls this fast train, the pride of the men who are responsible for a great system, he knows it was neither politics nor pull that got it for him, but the fact that he had by saving wood and tending to his oilcan convinced the man above that he was reliable—and that is a word which counts for more in life than genius.

To those who have not been as successful as they want to be, the excuse that they have been discriminated against and are not appreciated is ever at hand, but there are few who keep everlastingly at it that do not succeed.

Every one needs good men and reliable men. The reward for them is never commensurate with their effort, but, then, who in history ever felt that he was properly rewarded, no matter how great his reward may have been?

Few of us ever achieve the height of our ambition; but, then, who that is ambitious ever does?

If, when I was throwing coal into a fire-box, I fixed my ambition on the chair of superintendent of motive power somewhere, and have only got as far as a place on the seat of the machine of the pet train of a big company, I may not be satisfied, but it is not doing so badly; if I hadn't had the ambition to push along I might still be feeding a fire-box. No one has stopped me from being an official; maybe I'm not good enough; how do I know? It just hasn't come that way, but as against my poor little ambition, look at the men in other walks of life who have ambitions as much greater than mine as this train is greater than the suburban local, and who haven't got to the seat of a passenger engine yet.

The fact that I should like to do something bigger does not keep me from throwing my mind over when I go out on a machine and setting it in the notch where nothing can shake it loose from the duty of getting this string of parlours on wheels into my end of the run on schedule time; and if I couldn't do that I would never have got the assignment.

We all must work. I don't believe any one is happy without work of some kind, and we should do our very best when we work at anything.

The workers who do what they have to do with the least complaint will find the real reward the soonest, and a man who cannot hold to his resolves will find that he will not hold on to his throttle long when the shifts are being changed.

Misdirected effort is a misfortune and can be remedied, but a desire to shirk because work confronts us will get us into trouble.

If we could all know before we start that we were sure of our schedule and had the line fixed and marked "clear way," it would be easy enough to send along the machines and drag our coaches in on time; but so many of us have to be our own roadmasters and signal tower men that it is no wonder if some of us get shunted aside.

If we were the only ones who were put to discomfort by the lack of system it would not be so bad, but most of us are pulling passengers through life and when we can't get the proper right of way there are others who are put to great discomfort, and we lose that which we all need to make life worth living, and that the confidence and goodwill of those about us.

It would be fine if we could all have eighteen-hour trains to haul, but we must all take our turns at the freights, and the sooner we realise that it must be done and done properly the sooner we shall arrive at the fast train stage.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experience and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the reader of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

School Teacher's Good Service.

Stroud,
Gloucester.

SIR,—I see that you have started a Readers' Club in connection with your admirable magazine, and I very much desire to become a member. If to become such one has to earn it by acting on the Club's motto, then I think I have fully qualified for that honour, as during the past five or six years I have had full charge of the gymnastic training and physical drill at two large schools, where I was a resident assistant master. During the whole of that time I took in your magazine regularly and by cutting out the diagrams and photos and placing them in the gymnasium and my rooms I succeeded in very effectively disseminating your views and principles. Since then we have started a small physical culture club in this town, and this year we hope to start a much bigger venture if possible, namely, a combined athletic and physical culture club. I trust from the above that you will be satisfied of my qualification for membership of your Club and for the Club Fellowship Medal.

Yours sincerely,
D. B.

Made a Gymnastic Instructor.

Birmingham.

SIR,—Three months ago my two friends and I bought one of your exercisers and a pair of grip dumb-bells and are very pleased with the results. As a result I have been chosen assistant gymnastic instructor to the Rugby Boys' Club of Birmingham, in which are other young Sandowites, who have been introduced to your magazine by me. My friends and I always make a practice of passing our magazines on to these lads who can ill afford 2d. I hope to send photo of this club later on. I think the Club motto is a very good one and I always act up to same. ALBERT BETTS.

MANY thanks for Fellowship Medal, which has arrived quite safely. I think it is the prettiest medal that I have seen.—MRS. W. JENNESS (Sheffield).

Juggling adds to Physique.

Handsworth,
near Birmingham.

SIR,—I am seventeen and a half years of age and won Mr. Sandow's 1st Prize Gold Medal in the February Competition. When I was but very young, I was very fond of out-door sport. After I had finished my day's work at school, I would retire with other chums to the cricket or football pitch, and after that, we would tramp the country lanes and "bash" each other by jumping hedges, climbing trees, scaling gates and rails, leaping off banks on to branches of trees and walking along iron pailings, some five or six feet from the ground, etc. These outings I kept up for years. At exercising at school with dumb-bells, I was best of all, but little did I know what I was doing for myself, and it was not until I was about fourteen years of age, that I really knew that I was developing a fine physique when one day I went to the Empire, Birmingham, and to my surprise you were in appearance there.

Since the time I saw your display, I was so enthusiastic that I have gone in for physical culture strongly. At that time I had an excellent physique for my age, and had seen several displays of wrestling, weight lifting, gymnastics and posing by the strong men of the universe.

The development I now possess is due to wrestling, catch-as-catch-can and Japanese styles, Sandow's system of exercises and bathing, together with juggling.

Wrestling, most of us know, exercises every muscle of the body, inasmuch as the whole body is in use all the time.

Juggling, in my opinion, is one of the finest sports for the development of the entire body. It rounds off and moulds every muscle. Not only does it develop the whole body, but it creates special quickness and elasticity of the eye, limbs and muscles, and it is, I believe, from this sport, that I am able to twitch practically every muscle of my body with rapidity. At the same time, being able to juggle, it is very useful, and often saves expense in many directions. For instance, should a cup or other article fall off the table or elsewhere, it is very seldom that I miss catching it before it touches the floor, and thereby I save the article from breaking. I may say that I am able to juggle

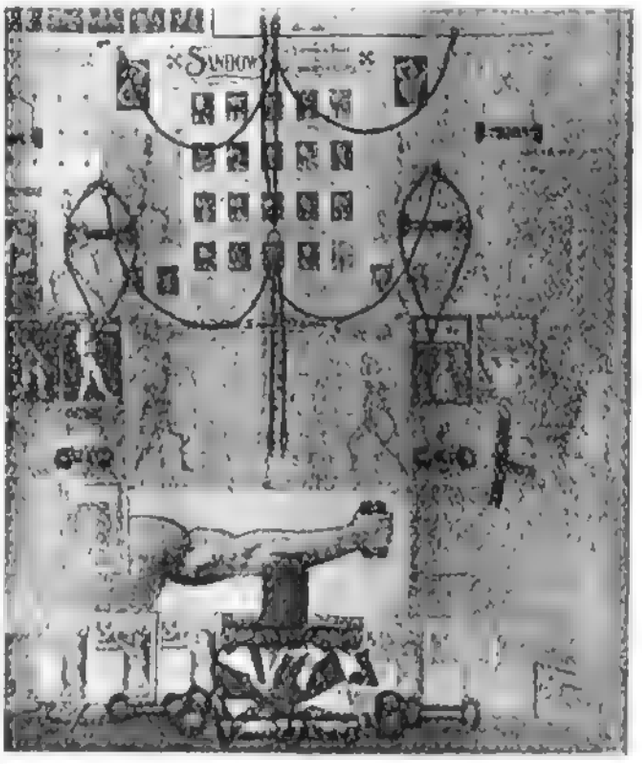
with five balls, and I also use plates, sticks, bottles, etc. I am also able to perform tricks with a cigar, from catching it in my mouth in many ways, to balancing it on my nose, and balancing all sorts of things on the various projections of my body. All the above-mentioned have added considerably to my physique, and at the same time have afforded great pleasure owing to the fact that new things can be added week by week.

I am serving as Assistant in the Education Offices at Handsworth, and have recently made application to the Education Committee for the use of a school for physical culture, and I am acting as Hon. Assistant and Secretary to this class. It was pointed out by me in the application, the need of physical education of school children, as careful physical training is almost as valuable to children as education itself, for without health, education is of little value. I also impressed that physical training aims at the development of healthy men and women, and in making them fit to play adequately their part in the battle of life, so that by their moral, intellectual and physical excellence, they will contribute to the strength and prosperity of the nation.

I am very anxious to act up to your motto: "One may help many," and should there be anything I could do for the betterment of the circulation of your magazine, or otherwise, it will give me great pleasure to do so.

V. LADBROOKE.

[I shall be pleased to send my correspondent some copies for distribution amongst his friends.—THE EDITOR.]



This unique photo shows a corner of the unique bed-room of Mr. G. A. E. Bourgoins, of New Zealand, and may suggest a decorative idea for the rooms of some other readers. I shall be pleased to receive other photos of readers' rooms THE EDITOR.

Benefited Threefold.

Middelburg,
Transvaal.

SIR,—It is with very great pleasure that I write this letter to tell you and readers of your excellent magazine the benefits I have derived from physical culture.

I followed your system with both grip-bells and developer for nearly two years, and the results have been excellent and in fact far better than I had expected.

Before starting on physical culture I used to suffer greatly with severe colds and a sore throat, but since taking proper systematic exercise I have been absolutely without such a thing as a slight cold and have enjoyed perfect health, and I am sure that it is the physical culture that has done me so much good.

Not only have I greatly improved my health but also my strength and development, so you see I have benefited threefold, of which I am very proud. I have never done any heavy weight lifting but I intend to have a course when I go to England, as I know it will greatly improve me in every way.

I have been a regular reader of your magazine for the past two years and I think it gets better as every number is published. I always hand it round the room after I have read it and I have been the means of getting lots of fellows both here and at Pretoria, to start on physical culture just by lending them your "Strength and How to Obtain It" and "Body Building," as I am in possession of both these books, which I think are very interesting.

(Priv.) EDGAR DALE,
R.A.M.C.

Cape Boxing Champion.

Cape Town,
South Africa.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your magazine, and an admirer of the Sandow system of physical culture, I feel that my experiences would interest fellow readers. At an early age, I made up my mind to become strong and healthy, and I may say that with the aid of your apparatus I have succeeded beyond all expectations. As a pupil to Professor Bently, I have improved wonderfully in the past year, and have been successful in other branches of sport out here; in fact, I hold the 9st. Amateur Boxing Championship of Cape Colony, and have been successful in football, cricket, and swimming competitions, all of which I owe to physical culture.

I am sending you a photo post card of my instructor, who at one time was very weak, but is now well known as an instructor of physical culture, and is one of the best developed men I have ever seen.

Yours Truly,
T. G. RAE.

A Model for Youthful Aspirants.

HOMER TRIES A REST CURE.

By Sewell Ford.

[*The following laughable short story, written with all that snap and verve and quaint expressiveness for which our American relations are so famous, is taken from the columns of America's premier outdoor paper,* "Outing." *The man who can read this yarn without laughing should see a doctor at once. Those of our readers who like a real live outdoor paper should subscribe to* "Outing."—The Editor.]

SAY, I've been mixed up in some dizzy doin's along the grub track, but I guess this last turn of mine gets the decision. If I had to give it a name I'd call it "Pluggin' a Leak," though Mr. Dodge, he holds out for "The Revised Odyssey." But then, Dodge is great on fancy names anyway, and I don't see where this one comes in. It was a heap more than odd, this stunt of ours.

Mr. Leonidas Dodge—that's how it shows up on the event card—he rung me into this. I wouldn't have picked it up by myself any more than I'd have broke into the Salvation Army. Trainin' comers to go against the champs is my reg'lar profession, and I've handled some good men, too. Why, say, there's been times when I could flash a wad as big as a bookie's.

But the day I met up with Leonidas wasn't one of them times. I'd been up against it for two months when some one passes me the word that Butterfly was down to win the third race at 15 to 1. Now as a general thing I don't monkey with the ponies, but when I figured up what a few saw-bucks would do for me at those odds I makes for the track and takes the high dive. After it was all over and I was comin' back in the train, with only a ticket where my roll had been, me feelin' about as gay as a Zulu on a cake of ice, along comes this Mr. Dodge, that I didn't know from next Tuesday week.

"Is it as bad as that?" says he, sizin' up the woe on my face. "Because if it is they ought to give you a pension. What was the horse?"

"Butterfly," says I. "Now laugh."

"I've got a right to," says he. "I had the same dope."

Well, you see, that made us almost second cousins by marriage and we started to get acquainted. I looked him over careful, but I couldn't place him within a mile. He had points enough, too. The silk hat was a veteran, the Prince Albert dated back about four seasons, but the gray gaiters were down to the minute. Being as easy talker, he might have been a book agent or a green goods distributor. But somehow his eyes didn't seem shifty enough for a crook, and no con. man would have lasted long wearing the kind of hair that he did. It was a sort of lemon yellow, and he had a lip decoration about two shades lighter, taggin' him as plain as an "inspected" label on a tin trunk.

"I'm a mitt juggler," says I, "and they call me Shorty McCabe. What's your line?"

"I've heard of you," he says. "Permit me," and he hands out a pasteboard that read:

LEONIDAS MACKLIN DODGE
Commissioner-at-Large

"For what?" says I.

"It all depends," says Mr. Dodge. "Sometimes I call it a brass polisher, then again it's a tooth paste. It works well either way. Also it cleans silver, removes grease spots, and can be used for a shaving soap. It is a product of my own lab'ratory, none genuine without the signature."

"How does it go as a substitute for beef?" says I.

"I've never quite come to that," says he, "but I'm as close now as it's comfortable to be. My gold reserve counts up about a dollar thirty-nine."

"You've got me beat by a whole dollar," says I.

"Then," says he, "you'd better let me underwrite your next issue."

"There's a friend of mine up to Forty-Second Street that ought to be good for fifty," says I.

"I've had lots of friendships, off and on," says he, "but never one that I could cash in at a pinch. I'll stay by until you try your touch."

Well, the Forty-Second Street man had been gone a month. There was others I might have tried, but I didn't like to risk gettin' my fingers frost-bitten. So I hooks up with Leonidas and we goes out with a grip full of Electrico-Polisho, hittin' the places where they had nickel-plated signs and brass hand rails. And say! I could starve to death doin' that. Give me a week and two pairs of shoes and I might sell a box or so; but Dodge, he takes an hour to work his side of the block and shakes out a fist full of quarters.

"It's an art," says he, "which one must be born to. After this you carry the grip."

That's the part I was playin' when we strikes the Tuscarora. Sounds like a parlour car, don't it? But it was just one of those swell bachelor joints—fourteen storeys, electric elevators, suites of two and three rooms, for single gents only. Course, we hadn't no more call to go there than to the Stock Exchange, but Leonidas Macklin, he's one of the kind that don't wait for cards. Seein' the front door open and a crowd of men in the hall, he blazes right in, silk hat on the back of his head, hands in his pockets, and me close behind with the bag.

"What's up; auction, row or accident?" says he to one of the mob.

Now if it had been me that butted in like that I'd had a row on my hands in about two minutes, but in less time than that Leonidas knows the whole story and is right to home. Taking me behind a hand-made palm, he puts me next. Seems that some one had advertised in a mornin' paper for a refined, high-browed person to help one of the same kind kill time at a big salary.

"And look what he gets," says Leonidas, wavin' his hand at the push. "There's more'n a hundred of 'em, and not more'n a dozen that you couldn't trace back to a Mills hotel. They've been jawing away for an hour, trying to settle who gets the cinch. The chap who did the advertising is inside there, in the middle of that bunch, and I reckon he wishes he hadn't. As an act of charity, Shorty, I'm going to straighten things out for him. Come on."

"Better call up the reserves," says I.

But that wa'n't Mr. Dodge's style. Side-steppin' around to the off edge of the crowd, just as if he'd come down from the elevator, he calls out good and loud: "Now then, gentlemen; one side, please, one side! Ah, thank you! In a moment, now, gentlemen, we'll get down to business."

And say, they opened up for us like it was pay day and he had the cash box. We brought up before the saddest-lookin' cuss I ever saw out of bed. I couldn't make out whether he was sick, or scared, or both. He had flopped in a big leather chair and was tryin' to wave 'em away with both hands, while about two dozen, lookin' like ex-bath rubbers or men nurses, were telling him how good they were and shovin' references at him. The rest of the gang was trying to push in for their whack. It was a bad mess, but Leonidas wasn't feazed a bit.

"Attention, gentlemen!" says he. "If you will all retire to the room on the left we will get to work. The room on the left, gentlemen, on the left!"

He had a good voice, Leonidas did, one of the kind that could go against a merry-go-round or a German band. The crowd stopped pushin' to listen, then some one made a break for the next room, and in less than a minute they were all in there, with the door shut between. Mr. Dodge tips me the wink and sails over to the specimen in the chair.

"You're Mr. Homer Fales, I take it," says he.

"I am," says the pale one, breathing hard, "and who—who the devil are you?"

"That's neither here nor there," says Leonidas. "Just now I'm a life-boat. Do you want to hire any of those fellows? If so—"

"No, no, no!" says Homer, shakin' as if he had a chill. "Send them all away, will you? They have nearly killed me."

"Away they go," says Leonidas. "Watch me do it."

First he has me go in with his hat and collect their cards. Then I calls 'em out, one by one, while he stands by to give each one the long-lost brother grip and whisper in his ear, as confidential as if he was telling him how he'd won the piano at a church raffle: "Don't say a word;

to-morrow at ten." They all got the same, even to the Hickey-boy shoulder pat as he passed 'em out, and every last one of 'em faded away trying to keep from lookin' tickled to death. It took twenty minutes by the watch.

"Now, Mr. Fales," says Leonidas, comin' to a parade rest in front of the chair, "next time you want to play Santa Claus to the unemployed I'd advise you to hire Madison Square Garden to receive in."

That seemed to put a little life into Homer. He hitched himself up off'n the middle of his backbone, pulled in a yard or two of long legs and pried his eyes open. You couldn't call him handsome and prove it. He had one of those long, two-by-four faces, with more nose than chin, and a pair of inset eyes that seemed built to look for grief. The corners of his mouth were sagged, and his complexion made you think of cheese pie. But he was still alive.

"You've overlooked one," says he, and points my way. "He wouldn't do at all. Send him off, too."

"That's where you're wrong, Mr. Fales," says Leonidas. "This gentleman is a wholly disinterested party, and he's a particular friend of mine. Professor McCabe, let me introduce Mr. Homer Fales."

So I came to the front and gave Homer's flipper a little squeeze that must have done him as much good as an electric treatment, by the way he squirmed.

"If you ever feel ambitious for a little six-ounce glove exercise," says I, "just let me know."

"Thanks," says he, "thanks very much. But I'm an invalid, you see. In fact, I'm a very sick man."

"About three rounds a day would put you on your feet," says I. "There's nothin' like it."

He kind of shuddered and turned to Leonidas. "You are certain that those men will not return, are you?" says he.

"Not before to-morrow at ten. You can be out then, you know," says Mr. Dodge.

"To-morrow at ten!" says Homer, and slumps again, all in a heap. "Oh, this is awful!" he groans. "I couldn't survive another!"

It was the worst case of funk I ever saw. We put in an hour trying to brace him up, but not until we'd promised to stay by over night could we get him to breathe deep. Then he was as grateful as if we'd pulled him out of the river. We half lugs him over to the elevator and takes him up to his quarters. It wasn't any cheap hang-out, either—nothing but silk rugs on the floor and parlour furniture all over the shop. We had dinner served up there, and it was a feed to dream about—oysters, ruddy duck, fillyof beef with mushrooms, and all the frills—while Homer worries along on a few toasted crackers and a cup of weak tea.

As Leonidas and me does the anti-famine act Homer unloads his hard-luck wheeze. He was the best sample of an all-round invalid I ever stacked up against. He didn't go in for no half-way business; it was neck or nothing with him. He wasn't on the hospital list one day and bumping the bumps the next. He was what you might call a consistent sufferer.

"It's my heart mostly," says he. "I think there's a leak in one of the valves. The doctors lay it to nerves, some of them, but I'm certain about the leak."

"Why not call in a plumber?" says I.

But you couldn't chirk him up that way. He'd believed in that leaky heart of his for years. It was his stock in trade. As near as I could make out he'd begun being an invalid about the time he should have been hunting a job, and he'd always had some one to back him up in it until about two months before we met him. First it was his mother, and when she gave out his old maid sister took her turn. Her name was Joyphena. He told us all about her; how she used to fan him when he was hot, wrap him up when he was cold, and read to him when she couldn't think of anything else to do. But one day Joyphena was thoughtless enough to go off somewhere and quit living. You could see that Homer wouldn't ever quite forgive her for that.

It was when Homer tried to find a substitute for Joyphena that his troubles began. He'd had all kinds of nurses, but the good ones wouldn't stay and the bad ones he'd fired. He'd tried valets, too, but none of 'em seemed to suit. Then he got desperate and wrote out that ad. that brought the mob down on him.

(To be continued in next issue.)

ARTICLETTES.

"INTELLECTUAL" DRINKS.

Many bad things have been said of tea and coffee, but rarely has a more serious indictment of them been drawn than that by Dr. Charles Fernet.

According to him, the abuse of coffee has increased recently in France, where it is now quite common for people to drink a litre or more of the infusion in twenty-four hours, this excess being especially frequent among women—laundresses, seamstresses, portresses, and cooks, who come in crowds to the hospitals with disorders solely attributable to this cause. It is more easily recognisable in females, since in them it is less often associated with the effects of alcohol and tobacco than in men. In even moderate quantities coffee causes general irritability and nervous excitement, hyperaesthesia, muscular agitation, palpitation, polyuria, and frequency of micturition. This he calls "acute caffeism," but the repeated and habitual use leads to "chronic caffeism," attended also by insomnia and serious disorders of digestion.

So far from coffee being an "intellectual drink," it produces temporary excitement, followed by depression of mental power, so that those addicted to its use become emotional, timid, embarassed, and are menaced by neurasthenia, with all its evil consequences. Tea, that "excellent China drink, approved by all physicians," is as harmful as coffee, if not more so. Three or four cups of tea daily are by no means free from danger. The ill effects are due not only to the alkaloid it contains, but to the essential oil, which has a specially poisonous action. A single cup of tea may cause excitement and insomnia, while a stronger dose rarely fails to produce acute "theism," characterised by excitement, hyperaesthesia, palpitation, sweats, and occasionally symptoms resembling those of delirium tremens.

Chronic "theism" is said to be well known in China and to English and American physicians; it is observed among tea-tasters, and is manifested by loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general disorder of nutrition. The influence of tea on the heart is more marked than that of coffee. That tea (says the *British Medical Journal*) is to some persons a very potent poison is probably true. In a little book recently published, Prof. Saundby quotes a "distinguished member of the medical profession" as saying: "Tea spoiled the twenty best years of my life before I found it out. It gave me awful pain, almost anginiform, with sense of palsy and weakness of the limbs and a grey face, but there was no obvious change of the radial pulse." But to most people these beverages are harmless and salutary, though it is well to bear in mind that some of these ill effects may be encountered in practice from personal idiosyncrasy or excessive use of tea and coffee.

COCK CROWING A CRIME.

"Nothing more deadly to Health and Nerves."

The stridently crowing cock that banishes sleep and makes the early morning hideous in the suburbs had better keep outside the jurisdiction of the West London magistrate. "Nothing," emphatically declared his worship recently, "more deadly or destructive to health and nerves can well be conceived than this perpetual cock crowing."

The expression of opinion was elicited by a case in which a sufferer—Mr. Philip Sale, a watchmaker, of Hammersmith Road—summoned his next door neighbour, Mrs. Boughton, who carries on a butcher's business, for "keeping a noisy animal."

For some months, said the watchmaker, his rest had been broken in the early morning by the crowing of two cocks kept by Mrs. Boughton. So torturing was this continued crowing that he had to consult a doctor about his health. He had spoken and had written to Mrs. Boughton, but she only told him that "she did not hear the cocks," that his nerves must be wrong, and that he must get used to it.

The crowing would begin at half-past two and go on till seven. Mr. Sale said he would often descend to his work in the morning with an aching head and a trembling hand, due to want of sleep.

Asked what the bird's voice was like, Mr. Sale replied, "Like a fog horn" (laughter).

It appeared that the defendant's premises were just at the back of the police court, and that a bird belonging to Mr. Swift, the Court office-keeper, usually added to the noise after the others had started. Mr. Sale said he believed the defendant's birds had now gone away, as he had not heard them lately.

The magistrate remarked that in that case the summons could be adjourned *sine die* on the understanding that the annoyance was not repeated.

"If it is repeated," added his worship, "I shall inflict the full penalty for every day the nuisance has been committed, and that will amount to something like 50s. a day. I think the complainant has acted in a very gentlemanly way in the matter, and he is entitled to protection."

HEAT AFFECTS BRAIN.

During an inquest at Shoreditch the Coroner remarked that whenever there was a period o hotter weather than usual there was an outbreak of suicide. The case was one of two suicides he had to inquire into that day, and he had already had a third reported to him. The hot weather affected the circulation of the blood, and rendered a man more passionate, and more revengeful, and often drove a man to fly to suicide to rid himself of his troubles.

"QUICK MARCH."

AN Italian regiment marches at the rate of ninety mètres in the minute, a German regiment at eighty-nine, an English at eighty-eight, and a French regiment at eighty-six mètres per minute. The metre is equal to about 39¼ in.; and in English measure, therefore, the rates of progression, of the four regiments would be (about) as follows: The Italians, ninety-eight yards per minute; the Germans, ninety-six; the English, ninety-five; the French, ninety-three yards per minute. By the regulations of the British service, our slow march consists of seventy-five thirty inch paces to the minute; this measure being used only on parade, and for occasions of solemn pageantry. The quick march, in which all evolutions are performed, increases to 110 paces, while the "double" rises to 150 paces in the minute.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.

THE State of Victoria is coming into line with the rest of the Commonwealth of Australia in the matter of the suppression of juvenile smoking. South Australia and Queensland, like Cape Colony, Germany, and Japan, possess drastic laws against smoking by lads. Now Victoria is passing through its State Legislature a Juvenile Smoking Prevention Bill, which is, if anything, an improvement on previous legislation.

The Bill imposes penalties for supplying tobacco in any form to or for the use of any person under sixteen years of age. A first conviction makes the tobacconist or any salesman or donor liable to a fine of 20s.; a second offender can be fined 40s.; and a third renders the seller liable to a loss of his licence for five years.

The only safeguard in the interests of the tobacconists which the Bill contains is found in a clause which declares "it shall be a defence under this Act if the accused person had reasonable cause to believe that the person purchasing was not under the age of sixteen."

NATION GROWING MORE SOBER.

DETAILED figures are given in the inland Revenue return just published to corroborate the well known fact that since 1899 we are becoming a soberer nation. The quantities of beers and spirit retained for home consumption in the United Kingdom and the consumption per head of population increased steadily from 1895 to 1899. Since then there has been a decrease as follows:—

	Beer.		Spirits.	
	Brls. in millions.	Gals. per head.	Gals. in millions.	Gals. per hd.
1899–1900	36.5	32.2	48.0	1.17
1900–1901	35.9	31.4	45.3	1.10
1901–1902	35.3	30.6	41.9	1.01
1902–1903	35.3	30.3	43.2	1.05
1903–1904	34.7	29.5	42.1	.99
1904–1905	33.8	28.4	40.0	.93
1905–1906	33.5	27.9	39.1	.90

IN THE HEAD.

A VERTIGO is the appearance of objects which are at rest turning in a circular direction, attended with a fear of falling and a dimness of sight. This disease may arise from a fulness, or plethoric state of the system; affections of the stomach; a too great irritability in the nervous system. It is a complaint hysteric people are very subject to. If it owes its origin to the first cause, or should a sanguinary plentitude attend the second or third, bleeding in the jugular vein, or cupping, with scarification between the shoulders, or rather in the back part of the head, demand the first attention; then apply blisters, which should by all means be kept open, with dressings of a good ointment. An emetic in many of these cases is found of great service, especially when it is presumed that it proceeds from a foul stomach, and afterwards a few drops of the diluted sulphuric acid in water may be taken. Then good stomach pills are peculiar eligible, but only one every night. Better still, however, is for the sufferer to live on laxative fruits for a time, and take plenty of bodily exercise in the fresh air.

CHEMISTRY OF A POTATO.

MOST people, we suppose, take it for granted that the best potatoes are the ones that contain the most starch. On the contrary, it is the ones that contain the most gluten, because gluten is an albuminous food, and starch is much cheaper than albumen.

Now cut this potato open, and we shall learn something worth knowing about this gluten.

First comes the skin of the potato. In a new potato it is thin and clear, while a corky skin indicates a mature potato, and one more likely to be mealy.

Second is a thin layer, varying from one-eighth of an inch to one-half an inch in thickness. This is the gluten.

Third comes the largest part of the potato—the starch. If this is very dense the potato will be mealy, but if non-uniform the potato will be of poor quality.

Fourth is the very centre of the tuber, which contains little starch and a great deal of water. If this area branches out into the starch the potato will not be a good cooker.

CAN'T EAT COLD MEAT.

CONTINUAL thought about any organ will influence the state of that part of the body, as Christian scientists know very well.

"I simply can't eat cold meat," the man who has allowed his stomach to get the upper hand of him will plaintively assert, and he seems rather proud of the fact that his organ of digestion is of a more fastidious and delicate order than the common or garden stomach of ordinary humanity.

The truth is, *Home Chat* says, that he has trained his stomach badly, he has accustomed it to "loaf," has permitted it to get into a condition of semi-invalidism by pure pampering.

POISONED BY TEA.

Tea Exhilaration Merely a Form of Intoxication.

DR. W. SCOTT TEBB, one of England's public analysts, after a careful analysis of tea, in his report to the Southwark Borough Council, says: "English people drink their tea too strong and too often," and he quotes many authorities to show how excess is followed by dyspepsia, heart ailments, and nervous disorders, reaching even to insanity and suicidal tendencies.

"Tea," he reports, "contains from 3 to 4 per cent. of an alkaloid known as theine, which is supposed to be identical with caffeine in coffee and theobromine in cocoa. This drug stimulates the brain and removes languor and fatigue. This accounts for its free use by a people who are lacking in energy. Those who are in a normal state are never fatigued, and therefore never feel the need of a stimulant. Those who are troubled with fatigue or lack energy, and feel the need of something to whip them up, above all people should avoid such stimulants, since they impart no energy or strength to the fatigued."

Of tannin, which is present in quantities from 10 to 20 per cent., Dr. Tebb says:

IN EXCESS TANNIN TENDS TO DEPRESS

the action of the digestive fluids and ferments. It interferes with the normal activity of secretion by constricting the blood vessels and diminishing the circulation; and, lastly, it tends to combine with the nitrogenous principles of the food, rendering them insoluble and incapable of digestion. The tendency, therefore, of this substance is greatly to impair digestion, and it gives rise to palpitation of the heart, headache, flatulence, loss of appetite, constipation, and other symptoms so well known at the out-patient department of our general hospitals. On inquiry, it is often found that the patient is accustomed to drink large quantities of tea, which has stood for long periods, and consequently extracted excessive amounts of tannin.

A careful analysis was made of a large number of the China and Indian teas on the market, which showed the following general results:

	Alkaloid. Per cent.	Tannin. Per cent.
Indian teas	.. 2.84	.. 7.43
Ceylon teas	.. 2.68	.. 7.86
China teas	.. 2.40	.. 6.08

Individual analysis showed that higher price did not necessarily insure greater freedom from tannin, some of the cheapest being the most satisfactory in this respect. On an average, each person in the United Kingdom is day by day consuming half as much alkaloid and nearly as much tannin as would be permissible to take occasionally as a drug.

THE INJURY SUSTAINED

by people of civilised lands in using this poisonous herb is not appreciated. Tea exhilarates the same as alcohol and other poisons. All such exhilaration is merely a mild form of intoxication or drunkenness. This cannot be kept up for any length of time by anyone without inflicting serious injury to the brain and nervous system. The tannin in the tea has more to do in bringing about that muddy complexion and wrinkled skin found among women than any other one thing. The rosy cheeks of girlhood usually disappear about the age of twenty. If young women desire to keep a good clear, transparent complexion, and not develop a skin that has the appearance of tanned leather, they must give up the use of tannin, the substance which is used for tanning purposes in tanneries, and which is so liberally found in all teas. It is a fact that the dingy, muddy complexion is found chiefly in tea drunkards. Please observe that this is the case.

PHYSICAL CONDITION AND TENNIS.

Views of a Famous Colonial Player.

MR. A. F. WILDING, the famous Colonial tennis player, has participated in twenty-four open tournaments this season, and has won the first prize in the open singles at seventeen. He has played as far north as Sheffield and as far south as Barcelona; he has carried his magic racquet right along the Mediterranean shore, paid two flying visits to Austria, amazed the cure-seekers at Homburg by his prowess, reached the semi-final in the All-England championships at Wimbledon, and, incidentally, defeated the American ex-champion in the international match in Wales. Altogether he has been serving balls over a net for nearly thirty consecutive weeks, and in that time has travelled thousands of miles and met and defeated players of every civilised nationality.

Asked to explain the secret of his extraordinary consistency over this record-breaking period, Mr. Wilding assumed that it must be his unquenchable enthusiasm for the game, his great desire to improve, and his physical fitness.

"Perhaps physical condition ought to come first," he remarked. "Many players would doubtless have grown stale or had periodical off periods during such a strenuous bout of play. Only once have I felt really out of sorts, and that was at Prague, to which I fled from London after a most exciting tussle with Holcombe Ward, the American, at Newport.

"I have tried to make my training a matter of habit—to keep fit by instinct. I never smoke, and I never take alcoholic drinks; but I eat practically whatever I fancy, especially all varieties of cake. When you are taking as much exercise as I do every day, I don't think it matters a straw how much you eat so long as your digestive organs are unimpaired," and the interviewer remembered how at Monte Carlo this perfectly healthy athlete used to consume whole platesful of oranges after a hearty dinner.

"I confess," Mr. Wilding went on, "I have sometimes been sorely tempted, when abroad, to indulge in some of the luxurious wines offered to me by wealthy patrons of lawn tennis, foreign princes and other titled hosts, but when abstention has become a habit it isn't so hard to abstain, is it?

"I'm a great believer in keeping every muscle of the body in prime condition, not merely those in the arms, which you can expose to view as hall-marks of fitness. Early in the season I went in for skipping and other physical exercises calculated to harden every fibre in the frame.

"As for tournament play itself, I have found that watching other matches in progress wearies the eye and makes you slack. I have always liked to be moving about, except immediately after lunch, when I prefer to lie in the sun. Before an important match I often read several chapters of a novel. This distracts the thoughts and keeps the brain clear.

"I suppose my interest has never slackened, because I have always been trying to add new strokes and perfect old ones. My back-hand stroke was comparatively weak when I went to Austria, so when I came against a man I knew I could beat I played practically every ball back-hand, with the result that that department improved like steam.

"Of all the many courts I have played on—grass, sand, gravel, brickdust, asphalte, and mud—I think those at Marienbad are about the best. They are so perfectly level, the natural background is so pleasing, and the general surroundings so inviting. Next I should place Cannes or Baden.

"On the whole, foreign courts are far and away superior to those in England; but, then, look at the money and the time that are spent on them."

Mr. Wilding, who has recently graduated at Cambridge and been called to the English Bar, will return to New Zealand early next month, but he hopes to pay another visit to this country next summer.

SWEAT AND BE SAVED.

IF Theodore Roosevelt had never written a line nor opened his mouth in praise of the strenuous life his personal record would, nevertheless, be an eloquent testimony to the value of outdoor sport. He is a splendid missionary among those who are yet unconverted to the gospel of hard play as well as hard work. No man ever injured himself by working too much, but I have known hundreds who did not play hard enough. If we study the lives of great men we discover that their greatness was due in large measure to the physical vitality which they communicated to their followers. The storing of this vitality is the duty of every man in training for the battle of life. There is nothing easier than to die, thousands do it every day, we are used to it, it is a refuge for the unsuccessful and the exhausted. But to live requires courage—I mean to live to some purpose. Living is a lifeless thing for such as are propped along by tonics and the dozen various things in which many of us indulge rather than sacrifice the time needful for physical exercise. That sort of assistance is no better than a cocktail—the good effects last an hour, the poison stays a lifetime, writes Poultney Bigelow, in the *Morning Post*.

If there is a motto which to-day should be nailed conspicuously at the door of every college, every counting-house, aye, every church, it is "Sweat and be Saved." No man goes far wrong who keeps his mouth shut and his pores open. It makes the sane man sad to see millions squandered on libraries while the children of the poor in New York have to grow up in the gutters for want of open spaces where they may romp about after the fashion of our ancestors. It is getting rapidly so that only the rich can indulge in the privilege of stretching their muscles; but this is a digression.

SUPERB SANITY.

Roosevelt has the superb sanity of the few who appreciate the importance of health, and, therefore, he deliberately keeps himself in training, not for a single struggle this or next month, but for a lifetime. He strongly resembles the German Emperor and Kipling in this matter. All three appreciate the great life work that is before them. Each has inherited a delicate, nervous organism joined with great muscular strength, and each acts on the principle that no work is worth much that is not done when the body is at its best. Kipling, when last I saw him a few weeks ago, was apparently interested in nothing but training the farmers of his neighbourhood to become good soldiers. His neighbours thought of him mainly as a man who loved to tramp about in rough boots and knickerbockers—who might occasionally sit down and write something—but whose chief concern in life was to be a sound physical animal, and a cheery one as well. Roosevelt, the German Emperor, and Kipling are all three overrun with demands on their attention, and each, if he had a hundred hours to the day, could not begin to do the work he would like to do. Each, therefore, arbitrarily marks off certain hours for strenuous exercise, and all agree that the time so spent is not the least precious of their respective days.

Roosevelt, like the Emperor, pursues sport as a means to an important end. He has from childhood shown decided preference for the sports of the soldier, and he is to-day, like the ruler of Germany, an excellent horseman as well as shot with the rifle. And it must seem strange that both these men have excelled in sport for which no trainer would have selected them. Roosevelt has imperfect eyesight, yet he has ridden to hounds with the boldest fox hunters on both sides of the ocean, and with his rifle he has held his own in the Rocky Mountains side by side with crack frontiersmen.

William II. has but his right arm perfect, yet with that alone he can do

more different kinds of things than most of us with the two. His vision is that of an eagle, but if any of you have tried to shoot the rifle with one arm alone you will appreciate what it means to be a good shot under such a handicap. He is very fond of shooting, and riding is a second nature—in spite of the fact that he has but the right hand for his sword and for the reins as well. On one occasion I saw the Emperor ride smoothly over a series of ditches which unhorsed many of his generals who attempted to follow. Roosevelt could drop several of our generals off the active list if he followed the Emperor's example in this matter.

NEVER AN IDLE HOUR.

My acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt dates from about 1879, when both of us returned from college to take up the study of law in New York. At that time I do not believe he ever knew what it was to have an idle hour on his hands. Society, in the ordinary sense of the term, bored him as much as it did me. He was never without some absorbing topic, some book that he was devouring. He would disappear mysteriously in the course of a social affair, and was sure to be found in a distant corner immersed in some historical or biographical work. Whenever we met out of work hours there ensued immediately some form of scuffle involving boxing or wrestling, leaping, tennis, pillow fighting, the tearing of garments, or the demolition of furniture. His was a nature that had to find vent in some form of physical explosion. One of my permanent recollections is reaching the front steps of my solemn and venerable friend —— at about the same time as the future President, who was then about twenty-two years of age. Our embrace was of that character commonly called "catch as catch can," and the result was a collision, from whose effects Mr. —— did not recover for several weeks and after many strips of court plaster. Yet that was but a passing friendly grip.

There is not a sport in which Roosevelt has not taken a part and played it well. I cannot say that he has ever been a world's champion in any direction of athletics, but if he has not it is merely because he has not placed that as the goal of a sane man's ambition.

During his law school days and before he went to the New York State Legislature his mind was full of schemes for going West and leading a savage life among the cowboys and Indians and grizzly bears on the great cattle ranches; and when he realised this ambition and bought a ranch and lost a lot of money by the venture, he yet would grow eloquent over the magnificent life that existed in that far away part of the country. Fifteen years before the Spanish War he painted to me in gorgeous colours the glory of going to war with a regiment of cowboys from the plains. At that time he had clearly outlined the Rough Riders' organisation that sprang up at his call in 1898, who assembled at Tampa, who entered Cuba with him and verified all that their leader had predicted regarding their courage and their enterprise.

The life of sport which Roosevelt had cultivated stood him in good stead during the war, for it enabled him to meet successfully the hundreds of little difficulties which might have discouraged the ordinary soldier entrusted with a command of fresh recruits on the very eve of hostilities.

HONOURABLE STRUGGLE.

When I have said that Roosevelt's tastes are infinite, that he loves every manly outdoor sport, it would seem almost waste of time to go into detail. He loves the horse in every class—the broncho of the plains, the thoroughbred, the hunter. There is nothing that he does not delight to ride, whether in a game of polo or across the fences on a big-boned steeplechaser. If there were any elephants or camels in the neighbourhood Roosevelt would not rest easy until he had learned every trick connected with their subjection, and was speeding over the deserts of Long Island.

His home being on salt water, having been brought up to the sea in a sense, it is not surprising that he should have experimented with matters nautical, that he should early have mastered the principles of seamanship, and have fitted himself somewhat for writing his "History of the Naval War of 1812." Roosevelt

loves the sea, but the land offers him more effective means of exercising his muscles. The man who takes to yachting must love the sea and nothing else. He must also have plenty of time, must be prepared to hang about for weary days in a calm and not lose his temper. This sort of thing would not suit Roosevelt.

Of course you answer: "What is the matter with steam yachting?" I answer that steam yachting is not a sport in the Roosevelt sense. It has its good uses for those who can afford to spend £10,000 or £20,000 a year on this one item, but there is no sport in it that can for a minute compare with handling a sailing yacht in a gale of wind and a cross sea. Roosevelt to-day embodies the spirit of clean, manly sport. The old notion was that sport was mainly a struggle for a prize, a mug, or a sum of money. The prize which Roosevelt holds up is the happiness of having been in an honourable struggle, and having in that struggle strengthened our bodies and freshened our spirits against the mental work of the next day. When the spirit which Roosevelt represents shall have permeated our seats of learning, we shall no longer have to see the poor picture of eleven men kicking a leather bag, and eleven hundred standing about doing nothing. In that happy day we shall see eleven hundred men kicking, and eleven spectators, and even those eleven spectators will have to show a doctor's certificate.

TYRANNY OF TEACHERS.

The men of the Roosevelt stamp are usually found at the bottom of the class, at least in institutions run on the old fashioned plan. The German Emperor was, I am happy to recall, also anything but a show pupil when at school. Both of these men love study for the sake of knowledge, they thirst for information, they seek to master a subject by reading all about it.

The first thing which the German Emperor did when he came to the Throne was to curtail the tyranny of German teachers, who had hitherto regarded the German school child as a bag into which he was expected to cram as much literary stuff as was consistent with the child remaining on the outside of an idiot asylum. No interest was taken in the matter of physical recreation, at least so little that it might be ignored. Roosevelt entered college at a time when the same spirit prevailed over the main portion of the United States, and no one knows better than he the mischief that is done among students by having all the honours carried away by the anæmic, dyspeptic, flat-chested, pie-crusty individuals. This is unjust to the live men of the class, the strong, self-reliant, honest men who are cut out for leadership. These are condemned to academic insignificance merely because they refuse to cram, and prefer to lead a healthy, manly life.

All those of us who work for good government are watching with tender interest to see that President Roosevelt maintains his good resolutions in regard to the strenuous life of outdoor sport. The happiness of this country is in no small measure dependent on the same judgment exercised a hundred times a day by the President. The basis of this good judgment is made of nerves, and nerves are kept strong by a big daily dose of fresh air. Therefore, when we are giving thanks for a President who has capacity for much work, let us not forget to give thanks also for the man who keeps body and brain in healthy equipoise, a man who is the better President for being a good sportsman.

GRACE BY WEIGHTS.

It has been suggested, I see, remarks "Ambrosia" in the *World*, that it would make for the greater dignity and grace of future generations of Englishwomen if from an early age female children were made to constantly carry weights on their heads as they do in the East.

There is nothing, so to say, to keep our women properly balanced. They hop, wriggle, shuffle, mismanage their arms and hips, poke forward their heads, and generally walk as if they were either deformed or dropping to pieces. From time to time I have called the attention of mothers to the desirability, to say the least, of making the deportment one of the principal studies of their little girls.

And there is, it seems, no better way of insuring a steady, dignified gait and of keeping all the limbs in their proper position than by walking so far daily with some suitably weighted article on the head. It is much easier to do this than to climb ropes, or drill, or engage in any other of the modern means of acquiring strength and so-called ease of movement.

"RUSHING," "HUSTLING," AND "DRIVING."

A Plea for the Less Strenuous Life.

*[The recent speech by Sir James Crichton Browne at Blackpool on "The Gospel of Recreation" has drawn the following editorial opinion from "*Vanity Fair."—The Editor.]

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE went to Blackpool both to curse and to bless. The falling birth-rate, the influence of defective social conditions, the motor car, the "hustler" were each in turn the subject of such earnest denunciation that the audience—Blackpoolians alone excepted—must have crept away in a state of nervous depression; as for those inhabitants of that popular seaside resort who chanced to be present they had just cause for satisfaction since in the praises of Blackpool sung by Sir James they received the best of all possible advertisements with nothing to pay for it.

"It has become the duty of every doctor," said Sir James, "to preach from time to time the gospel of recreation. The sovereign remedy for the 'rushing,' 'hustling,' and 'driving' of modern business is repose. It gives time," he concluded, "for the renewal of the stored-up energy and for the removal to the destructor of the harmful *débris*." The learned President of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association did not enunciate a new theory. The gospel of recreation is accepted by all classes. Master and man alike give a lengthier time to recreation than at any period in our industrial history since the factory system first evolved itself in this country. It is in the mistaken view of what constitutes recreation that the general danger to the community now lies. Whatever it may be, it is not—as we know it in its various forms—"a time for repose."

The "hustling," "rushing," and "driving" of which Sir James spoke, produce too frequently a condition of the nerves in which repose is impossible. Enterprise has recognised and exploited this fact. Thirty years ago the British seaside resort was a place of dreary monotony. Mr. Frith's picture of Margate beach was fairly representative of the state of affairs then existing. The prosperous middle class father of the family sitting on the edge of the sad sea waves in an extremely uncomfortable chair perused his *Times*. Around him were the ladies of his family engaged in knitting and other harmless and domestic duties. Bathing machines of hideous design, curtained and hooded to protect the modesty of the user when emerging from the water, filled the right-hand corner of the background. The afternoon drew in with a walk on the Promenade, a plain and early dinner, and a general move bedward by ten o'clock. At the present day the respectable gentleman depicted by Mr. Frith would be labouring round the golf links with indomitable energy, or jangling his nerves upon a motor car; the girls would either be following his example or cycling or playing on the tennis courts. Bridge or a hotel dance would help to abolish the boredom of the evening, and make a desirable inroad into the small hours of the following morning.

The horror which Society feels for that repose which spells uneventful monotony is reflected not only in the upper middle class, but in those below them. Cheap tours abroad send the hard worked clerk or Board School mistress flying wildly over Europe; inexpensive excursions draw thousands of artisans into crowded carriages where they spend long hours of unimaginable discomfort for the opportunity of a brief rush round the attractions of some popular resort. And in the popular resorts themselves the cheap side-shows, dance halls, musical entertainments, and the like keep the ball of excitement merrily rolling.

The wives of wealthy men who have created fortunes or inherited them from

self-made fathers are the backbone of that vague coterie known as the Smart Set. Upon them some social reformer empties vials of indignation every other month at the least. It is unfortunate that these reformers do not study their victims more closely before they bespatter them with unpleasant accusations. In the great whirl of modern business, in the alarms, panics, booms, and other American delights the phlegmatic Britisher is apt to become as neurotic as his finer-drawn cousin in New York; nor is it reasonable to suppose that his wife and children—if any—should remain unaffected by the change in his own constitution. A lady born of a great family was brought up in an atmosphere of duties. She had her work to do in supervising her household and her gardens, in helping the parson in his charities, in aiding benevolent institutions in the country, and usually in personally distributing comforts and alms upon the estate. But the wives of the newly rich come into an existence from which such duties are eliminated. They have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, to have a good time.

Let it be admitted that they make a gallant effort to fulfil the destiny which Providence has apparently marked out for them. They toil in the season. They fly to holiday resorts for recreation after their strenuous labours. With what result? In their efforts to escape ennui they plunge at once into the same round of lunches and dinners, changes of costume, dances, and gambling parties from which they have escaped. They are alarmed at the very thought of boredom. Even when they visit Carlsbad or Marienbad they neglect the instructions of those who administer the cure and draw forth medical protests by their ceaseless amusements. "The sovereign remedy is repose," says Sir James Crichton Browne. It is not by such methods that it may be found. The student of those papers that treat of the life of social America at its fashionable holiday resorts must, of necessity, be amazed at the indomitable energy of the rich in escaping repose. A lady is praised for her ingenuity in hospitality. "Not a week," we are told, "but Mrs. Blank gave something new." Sometimes it was a party for pet dogs, at another a paddling picnic, at another an "at home" in bathing costume. The labours of Hercules fade before those of this strenuous lady who must have spent her summer plotting and considering, telegraphing and telephoning, failing and succeeding—in fact in doing anything and everything to escape the repose of which it is reasonable to imagine she stood in need after a New York season.

Clergy in the pulpits and energetic lady novelists in the magazines thunder in vain against women of her type, whether in England or America. For until the conditions under which they live and the temperaments which they have acquired or inherited are modified or improved, it is ridiculous to expect that they will mend their behaviour. They are forced to "hustle," "rush," and "drive," even as are their husbands, not because they find infinite happiness thereby, but because their nerves will never leave them in peace. They do not rest because they cannot. They are for ever talking of "the simple life." They express for it such a yearning as the Peri felt as he looked through the bars of the Gate of Paradise. But they may not enter upon that peaceful existence; and in their hearts they are fully aware of the fact. It has been told how Herr Wagner's book, which has acquired fame under that title, was sold in the streets of New York by the thousands of copies in the middle of the last Presidential election. Horns were blowing, bands parading; Wall Street palpitated with anxiety; the newspaper presses laboured on the latest intelligence of the campaign. And these rushing, anxious, excited crowds purchased "The Simple Life" by a whole edition at a time—from costers' barrows! It was something they could never enjoy, yet they understand what happiness it might bring.

Masculine business methods have been applied to feminine recreation. That is the simple solution of the problem. The sermon of Sir James Crichton Browne can be admired and understood, yet that his advice will be followed under prevailing commercial and social conditions may be doubted. The dipsomaniac is quite capable of appreciating his folly without changing his mode of life.

HOW TO ACT IN EMERGENCIES.

Useful Hints in Times of Sudden Illness or Accident.

FAINTING.—When a person faints, it is because of weakness of the heart. This may be due to various causes, such as impure air, tight lacing, sudden fright, or other nervous disturbances, or simple exhaustion from over-exertion. A person generally begins to feel "faint" a short time before he loses consciousness. If at this time he will immediately lie down, or if he is sitting, bend forward until his head is at or below the level of the knees, the symptoms will generally disappear within a few seconds, or a minute or two at the most. A sip of cold water or bathing the face with cold water will also generally prevent a threatened fainting

If the person has actually fainted away, he should quickly be placed in a horizontal position, laying the head as low as possible. While cold water is being brought, slap the face with the hand quite vigorously, though not so hard as to bruise the tissues. A few smart strokes over the region of the heart are also likely to prove helpful. The best remedy is to sprinkle cold water upon the face. The application may be made by dipping the fingers in cold water and shaking them vigorously over the face, or by wetting the end of a towel and slapping the face with it. A fainting person is in a very dangerous condition, and should be relieved as quickly as possible. In serious cases the person who has fainted must be kept in a horizontal position for some time, several hours, or in some cases several days. If on rising the fainting sensation recurs, a physician should be consulted. The tendency to faint may be overcome by the daily cold bath. The cold mitten friction and the cold towel rub are particularly well adapted to cases of this sort. Extremes of temperature, very hot baths, and very cold baths, should be avoided by persons who faint easily.

Hemorrhage.—The blood spurts from a wounded artery. The blood flows in a steady stream from a wounded vein. Venous blood is also darker in colour than arterial blood. To stop the flow of blood from a wounded artery, pressure should be made on the side of the wound toward the heart. It is not always best to make the pressure directly upon the wound. The pressure should be made instead upon some point above the wound where the arterial trunk comes near the surface, and where it can be brought between the thumb or fingers and the bone, so that it can be influenced by firm pressure. It is well to practise compression of the arteries at these several points so that one may be prepared to act quickly when occasion requires. If the part injured is a limb, it should be raised at once as high as possible, and compression should be made upon the bleeding point, care being taken that the compressing fingers are clean; or the wounded part may be protected by a little pad formed of clean muslin, placed over the part. Moistening the pad with lemon juice aids in controlling hemorrhage, by causing contraction of the blood vessels. This alone will often control a slight hemorrhage. If the bleeding does not cease, and compression cannot be applied or continued until a physician can be procured, more permanent compression may be applied by means of a little pad consisting of cloth or paper rolled up and placed over the artery, and compressed by means of a band placed about the limb or over the body, then twisted until sufficiently tight to control the bleeding. The greatest despatch must be used, as a large and often fatal amount of blood may be lost in a short space of time if the vessels are of considerable size.

Hemorrhage of the Nose.—Reaching both hands high over head, bathing the face with very hot water, placing bits of ice in the nostrils, rubbing ice on the back of the neck, and compressing

the nose frequently between the thumb and finger for several minutes, are useful measures in checking nasal hemorrhage. Care should be taken to hold the head erect. Bathing the face with cold water while bending the head forward over a wash basin often increases the bleeding.

Bleeding of the Gums, following extraction of the teeth, may be checked by placing a bit of ice upon the bleeding point, or making a little wad of cotton or muslin, saturating this with lemon juice, and holding it upon the affected part by closing the teeth upon it.

Hemorrhage of Lungs is a very serious and sometimes a fatal accident. Bleeding from the lungs, however, is not so dangerous as is supposed, as it is very seldom that the bleeding continues long enough to produce fatal results. When the patient becomes faint, the heart's action decreases to such a degree that the bleeding ceases in most cases. Ice to the front of the chest, short, very hot fomentations to the back of the chest, hot to the feet and legs, and ice in the hands, are the most effective means of checking hemorrhage from the lungs.

Hemorrhage of the Stomach can usually be controlled by absolute rest in bed and the withdrawal of food. In some cases the patient should not be allowed to drink as long as there is a tendency to hemorrhage. There is usually pain in connection with gastric hemorrhage, because of ulceration of the stomach. As long as there is pain in the stomach, no food should be given, and in many cases drink also should be withheld. The patient should be nourished with nutritive enemata. Ice over the stomach, and in most cases an enema every two hours are effective.

Hemorrhage from the Bowels.—The patient should be required to remain closely in bed. Apply heat to the legs, and two or three ice bags to the bowels. Two or three pints of ice water may be injected into the rectum.

Sunstroke.—Remove the patient to the shade at once. Remove the clothing, apply cold to the head, and pour cold water upon the body from a height of several feet, or as high as possible. The patient should be vigorously rubbed by two persons at the same time that the cold water is being applied, so as to insure thorough and prompt reaction. Very few lives will be lost by sunstroke when this measure is promptly and efficiently applied.

Insect Stings.—Apply compresses wet with soda, or a soap poultice. In case the patient has been stung several times, as when attacked by a swarm of bees, administer a considerable quantity of hot water, both by the stomach and by the rectum. Make the patient drink two or three pints of hot water or hot, weak lemonade as quickly as possible. A sweating bath, especially an electric-light bath, followed by a vigorous cold bath, will be helpful. The swollen parts may be fomented every three or four hours until the swelling decreases, and during the intervals between the fomentations, covered with cloths wet in soda, two drams to the pint.

A Bruise is best relieved by a hot fomentation applied as soon as possible after the accident, and repeated at intervals of two or three hours, as long as the bruise remains sore and painful. During the interval apply a compress consisting of a towel wrung as dry as possible from cold water, applied over the part, and covered first with oilcloth, and then with several thicknesses of flannel, to maintain warmth. Gentle manipulation of the surrounding parts will serve to maintain good circulation, and so prevent discoloration in many cases.

THE STRONGEST MUSCLE.

W. B. WOODGATE, the well known sculler and writer on rowing, recently sent the following letter to the *Daily Mail*:—"SIR,—A writer upon the impending international boat race commits himself to the following statement: 'The strongest muscles in the body are the abdominal ones.' Anatomists and practical oarsmen alike will smile at this heresy. Those muscles are, *per contra*, the very weakest, relatively, for their respective duty (recovery), of all muscles that are employed in sound oarsmanship. *Gluteus maximus* is the strongest muscle, and is the main factor in the trunk swing back in rowing.

"An exponent of British oarsmanship who propounded heresies such as this (and others which figure in the article aforesaid) would do more harm than good as a coach to even the lowest boat on Cam or Isis."

A WORD IN SEASON.

How the winter weather finds out our weak spots! One groans under rheumatic pains, another "loses his voice" as regularly as the years follow each other; a third has a chest complaint. It is one chorus of complaints of aches and pains, and coughs and colds and illness more or less severe; the death rate goes up; doctors are run off their feet, and influenza, like death itself, knocks at the hut of the peasant and the palaces of kings!

Thinking people do not regard these annual visitations as inevitable, but adopt suitable means to ward them off. Others, however, sit down with folded hands and accept these periodical distempers as something to be borne with resignation. They forget that heaven helps those who help themselves. There is nothing mysterious about these visitations. Winter chills bring winter ills, because they close the pores and, by stopping or unduly retarding the excretory action of the skin, imprison poisonous waste matter in the body. Poisonous matter, in one shape or another, is the cause of most illnesses. Impurities throw the system out of gear and the body breaks down at the weakest point—the point varies according to the personal history and peculiarities of the individual. Clearly the thing to do is to get rid of the impurities; and this cannot be done so long as the excretory action of the skin is stopped or retarded. Here is the testimony of one who has cured himself of obstinate rheumatism: "Attention to the skin is probably the most important portion of the process either of cure or prevention." The Turkish bath, says this authority, is the most efficient means of keeping the skin in active condition. He describes the "Gem" Turkish Bath as cheap, convenient and efficient, and one that "will be found most useful by all as a powerful preventive of disease." You breathe through the skin as well as by the lungs. That is the great physiological fact which underlies and explains the power of the "Gem" Home Hot Air and Vapour Bath to promote health and cure disease. The "Gem" Bath complete with patent three-light heater, costs only 30s., and nowadays there is not a household in which hygiene is properly understood that is not furnished with a bath of this kind.

A valuable treatise on Home Turkish Bathing can be had free from the "Gem" Supplies Co., Ltd., 22, Peartree Street, Goswell Road, E.C.

BRAINS IN JARS.

The world's largest single collection of anthropological specimens, accumulated during more than a half-century, is in Washington. It includes between 4000 and 5000 identified skulls and skeletons of human beings, sixty mounted skeletons, and nearly 200 brains. The last named are arranged in special jars, placed upon tiers of shelves, and include some specimens of rare value. Among them are the only two American Indian brains anywhere in preservation; also those of five wild gibbons, and a perfect brain of a male full-grown America bison.

SANITARY INSPECTOR'S OPTIMISM.

An interesting forecast of what sanitation may have accomplished by the year 1950 was given in a paper by Mr. W. Stansfield, of Manchester, circulated at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference that closed at Blackpool recently. The early part of the paper dealt with "Sanitary Progress in the Last Half Century," from an imaginary document, dated 1950.

"The advance of sanitation during the past fifty years," said the essayist, "has been more than sufficient to justify the most sanguine expectations and the pioneers of science who laboured during the first decade of the period would perhaps be as much astonished as gratified could they look around to-day and realise the vast changes and improvements which have taken place within such a short space of time.

"From comparative statistics we learn that the average span of life has been lengthened by nearly ten years, that the weight of the people has been increased by about 11 lb. per individual, and the stature advanced. The chest measurement has expanded by at least two inches, while the people enjoy robust health invariably to a good old age.

"During the early part of the century a whole range of zymotic diseases was prevalent. These have disappeared. Consumption was regarded as a fearful scourge. It is now almost extinct. Cancer research was in its infancy—to-day an isolated case of cancer is a rarity. If we turn to the newspaper files of 1906 we find that the popular mind was sorely exercised about physical deterioration and decline of the birth-rate. Public meetings were held, when a number of little Daniels came to judgment, gravely propounding remedies which, when taken in the light of subsequent events, serve only to provoke a smile."

FOR ALL TOURISTS.

The special general meeting of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which was this year held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, marks the second step taken by the club to widen its field of action and increase its usefulness. At the annual general meeting held in London in March last, the idea was broached, and last week the proposals were made, and carried with only one dissentient vote: "That the name of the club shall henceforth be 'The Touring Club,'" and, following on this, "That all tourists should be admitted to membership." The Newcastle vote must, however, be ratified at a further special meeting, to be held in London next month. Should that meeting finally accept the new scheme—and there is every prospect that it will and if the application to the Courts be granted, the club will undoubtedly enter a great and hitherto untouched field of usefulness, as not only will cyclists be protected and aided when touring, as before, but all road users, railway travellers, pedestrians, mountaineers, boating men, and horsemen will be welcome, and will be eligible as members.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

ARE THE "SPRINGBOKS" SUPERIOR TO THE "ALL BLACKS?"

BY A. O. JONES.

AT this time last year the New Zealanders created a sensation by defeating all our clubs and counties by large scores, and now the same thing looks like occurring again, for our new visitors from South Africa, although they have only played five matches, have already scored 153 points against four from their opponents.

Everyone is asking the question, Are the South Africans as good as the New Zealanders? Candidly, I think not at present. They have not the finesse that wrought such havoc against our clubs last year.

One try they obtained against the Midland Counties, however, was equal to any try I have seen obtained either by the "All Blacks" or any Welsh team, and it made me think that if they could do one piece of play like that, why should they not repeat the performance when they get more used to playing together?

But what they lack in finesse they certainly make up for in vigour. Never have I seen such a lion-hearted set of forwards. They go from start to finish; they ask no quarter and give none. Their tackling and taking of the ball from the line-out are magnificent. D. Brink in particular shining in this department, and I candidly think their forwards are a long way in front of the New Zealanders. Everything is straightforward. There is none of that wing-forward business that caused so much heated argument last year, and for this reason alone English spectators will welcome them. If beaten at their own game, they will be the first to acknowledge defeat by a better side.

Of the backs it is very difficult at the present time to know quite what to say.

In Barmeister, at full back, they have a magnificent kick, who never fails to find touch. Loubser, Stegmann, and De Villiers are all tremendously fast, and Melker, who was making his first appearance, looks like making a very useful centre. If all the reserves are as good, injuries to players will not handicap them much.

In my opinion, however, the man who stands head and shoulders above all the backs is Carolin, the half back. His play against the Midlands was extraordinary. He made opening after opening, and was responsible for most of the scoring. He reminds me very much of Gwyn Nicholls. And if the other backs will only take their passes—and this is at present their weakest point—they will score very heavily.

Why they refused to play the Midlanders forty minutes each way I cannot understand, as the longer period is all in their favour; they will have to do so in International matches, so they may just as well get used to it at once.

I am very anxious to see them extended, as it is impossible to know at present what their defence is like.

As I said before, I do not think they are quite such a good side—particularly from a spectator's point of view—as the New Zealanders, but I think they have got a bit up their sleeve, and anything they do will not surprise me.

VETERAN CRICKETER DIES.

JAMES STREET, the well known cricketer, who played for Surrey from 1863 to 1876, and was one of Surrey's most reliable fast bowlers, has just died at Godalming, aged 66. Street's best years were from 1870 to 1875 inclusive, his bowling averages for those seasons being as follows:—

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
1870	719 ..	240 ..	1294 ..	54 ..	23.52
1871	762 ..	272 ..	1297 ..	55 ..	23.32
1872	646 ..	274 ..	892 ..	58 ..	15.22
1873	725 ..	289 ..	1115 ..	65 ..	17.10
1874	796 ..	258 ..	1346 ..	65 ..	20.46
1875	922 ..	408 ..	1319 ..	55 ..	23.4

Street was born on March 10th, 1840. Coming from the Cranleigh team Street made his first important appearance at Lord's in 1863, playing against the M.C.C. in a team of colts, who had never before appeared at either Lord's or the Oval. On the same side with him were John Smith, of Cambridgeshire, Tom Bignall, of Notts, and Frank Silcock, of Essex. In the following year he made a few appearances for Surrey, but with W. Mortlock, G. Griffith, and W. Shepherd doing most of Surrey's bowling in these days he did not find a regular place in the eleven until 1868, but for several years afterwards he shared with James Southerton the brunt of the Surrey bowling. He maintained his place until 1876, and after dropping out the year following reappeared in 1878, finally retiring from the county eleven. He was a fast, round-arm bowler, and his best years were 1872 and 1873. He was a batsman of modest powers, his best score being fifty against Middlesex at the Oval in 1870. Street was for several years coach at Charterhouse and Cranleigh Schools, and also acted as umpire for several seasons.

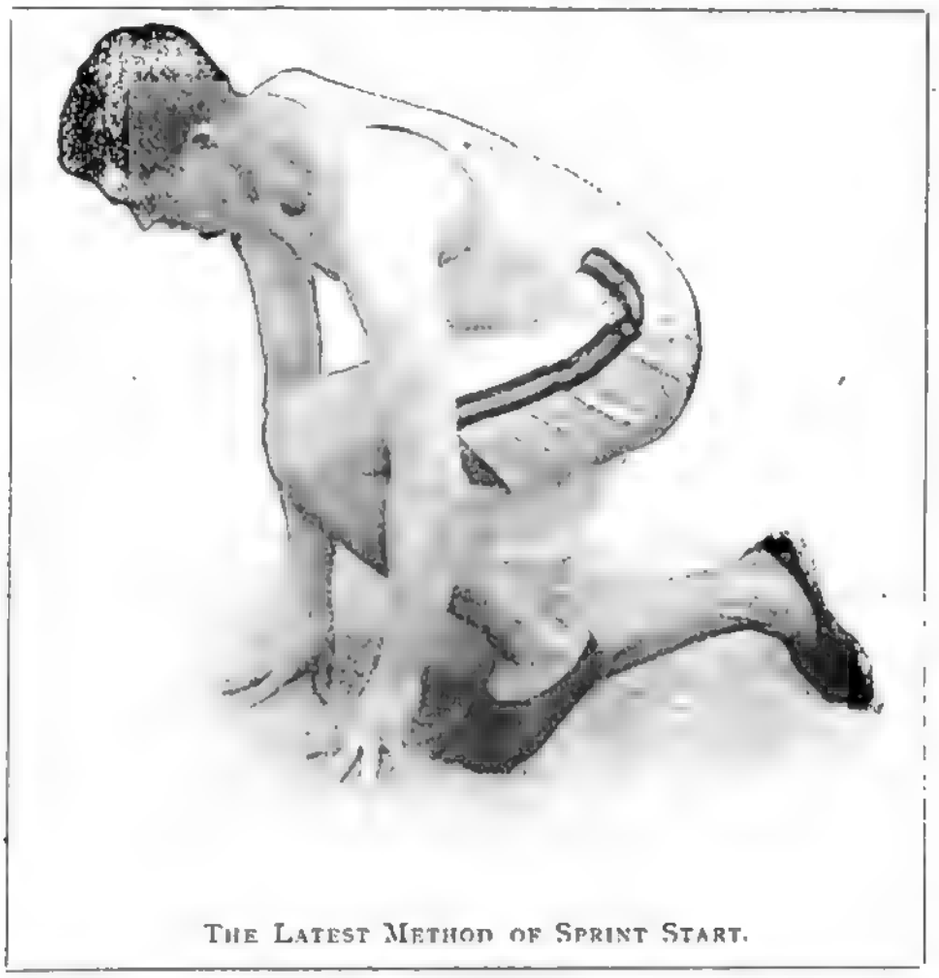
£14 8s. FOR DR. GRACE'S BAT.

A CRICKET bat, with which Dr. W. G. Grace scored upwards of 1400 runs, and which was inscribed with the names of over seventy leading English cricketers, was raffled for at Twickenham on the occasion of a cricket match in aid of the local hospital, and realised £14 8s.

THE EDUCATION OF PLAY.

The Birthright of the Young.

LITTLE pussies and puppies use play as their chief means of education for serious life. Their play resembles the serious life, and may be regarded as a sort of survival of the habits of serious life belonging to previous generations. The good humour and restraint of these little animal-children is behind the coal scuttle. Only once did they violate this unwritten rule, and this was under extreme provocation. It is mostly by play—that is to say, in a very pleasant and free way, without constant "don't" from the elders and betters—that the animal-children are developed physically and mentally.



The Latest Method of Sprint Start.

one of the miracles of Nature; the bite must not be quite a real bite. All the time, apparently without supervision by the parents, the pussies and puppies seem to remember that they are little ladies and gentlemen. They do not lose their tempers as they afterwards will in serious life.

I have noticed about my dogs a scrupulous etiquette in play, as when two of my larger dogs refused to touch the smaller dog when it had fled to sanctuary

Play is one of the birthrights of animal-children, and no animal-mother or father or uncle or master dreams of robbing the children of this birthright.

MEDIÆVAL NARROWNESS.

It seems natural that human children, coming into a golden inheritance of games natural and artificial, which, like animal games, resemble the practical doings of the serious life of our ancestors, should claim, in a way all the more convincing because it is without words

games as their main means of physical and mental development.

Mediæval pedants, however, did their best to cut out play from any scheme of education. They considered that education should be spiritual and intellectual, not physical and human. That which was human and pleasant was, to them, wicked. How pathetic is Chrysostom's appeal:—

"We loved play, and for this we were punished by those who were doing the same thing; but the follies of our elders are called business, whereas the business of children is punished by grown-up men."

Now we are at length on the way to realise what can be done by play. Sister Grace, at Bermondsey, has turned hooligan children into gentle little men and women by courtesy, learnt largely in games. Our reformatory industrial schools have used play as a help to evoking and evolving the fair and sportsman-like spirit in the poor little chaps who, rightly trained, become the finest men and women in the nation and Empire—obedient to discipline, truthful, brave, loyal, healthy.

And now play is coming back not only on its own merits—these it always possessed—but also with authority; a few weeks ago Mr. Birrell alluded to play as "the birthright of children."

ORGANISED GAMES.

It is coming back for children not only on its own merits and with authority, but also with organisation. One of the most striking sights in London is the organised play at Mr. Corsie's school at Eltringham Street, Wandsworth. Here the boys come out of school for brief intervals, and play for short spells, as all children should. Then they go back and work as well as before, or better. Statistics show that, while the boys all learn each game and become healthy little sportsmen and athletes (so far as their capabilities admit), neither their physical drill nor their mental work nor their moral tone suffers at all.

At first natural to children, then regarded as wicked and made almost unlawful, then proved useful in actual life by enterprising revolutionists who dared to think and act, then recognised by authority, then organised—play follows the history of most good and pleasant things. The next stage is for it to be universalised, to be insisted on for all children.

The defence of play for children is an unnecessary task. Play teaches through the senses and muscles (the great paths to knowledge), the lesson of loyalty (the seed of the patriotic spirit), of honour, of respect for opponents, of pluck, of initiative, of obedience and self-sacrifice, of training and fitness. Besides, thanks to its intervals of rapid movement and rest, and thanks to the enjoyment and the tonic effects of enjoyment upon the blood and circulation and nerves, it is invaluable as a means to health.

The second birthright of children often goes with the first; it is air and light and some contact with Nature.

The third birthright also often goes with the first: physical exercise of the right sort. To-day most children in cities are cramped out of their natural shape and health by too long sitting and standing, by too much reading and writing and hard work. It is our duty towards them to teach them how to use the left hand, for example; how to breathe, how to relax the muscles, how to walk and run, stand, sit and lie, how to swim, how to make good the deficiencies and correct the deformities that city flesh is heir to; in brief, to lay healthy habits as firm foundations deeply fixed in the days of youth. We ought to supervise the development of children, training (as naturally and pleasantly and un-fussily as possible) the large muscles before the small, quickness before endurance and straining strength, teaching repose and relaxation—the birthright of children as of flowers; graduating the progress, line upon line.

REST AND FOOD.

The fourth birthright is rest itself—proper conditions and proper hints are often necessary even for the tiniest children. The hint to relax the eyes, to look at something a long way off, is of itself of wonderful value even to the youngest as a remedy or preventive of highly strung nervousness.

The fifth birthright is appropriate food and drink. The subject demands a volume rather than a paragraph, but three errors

claim notice even in the very shortest space—they are, deficiency of good body-building material (proteid), together with natural "salts," such as are provided by the juices of fruits and of vegetables; too free use of wet, starchy food, pappy stuff which, almost unmasticated, goes down to ferment within the child; and the presence of stimulating and irritating elements, especially of an over-acid kind.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if life—a fair chance of living well and happily and usefully, is a birthright of children, then appropriate food and drink are also a birthright of children. I would go further, concludes Mr. Eustace Miles in the *Daily Chronicle*, than the orthodox authorities; I would assert that, of the children who die before the age of five, the vast majority would, with appropriate food and drink and a few other cheap conditions, not only live but also thrive.

Among these other conditions I should certainly class sensible play, and, in most cases, preparation for such play, and organisation of such play by elders who understood children. There should be provided the right games, the right clothing, the right grounds, and so forth.

It is not a learned Commission that we want, nor yet a series of learned Commissions. We want common sense and observation, and we want to entrust power—very drastic power—to people who possess common sense and observation; to people who will talk and write less about vaguenesses and religions and buildings, and will insist more on things physical.

Only that nation shall survive which obeys, in the broadest sense of the words, the commandment: "Let the children first be served." Let them be given their birthright—play, air and light, and some contact with Nature, appropriate physical exercise, repose and rest appropriate food and drink.

GOLF MANIA.

Golf is, after all, the important thing in life, and to suggest it as a relaxation is an insult. Why, a man would rather his business went to the dogs than he should lose his drive.—*Golf Illustrated.*

FOOTBALLERS' STRENUOUS LIFE.

There are few better living men than the average professional footballer. It has become the fashion to describe him as a hooligan in magazine articles, written by people who know nothing about the facts. But how different is the truth?

To keep fit for a season of League football does not necessitate the hard training of about three months requisite for the boxer, runner, or oarsman. One or two matches a week after the first month of the season are all the hard work that a footballer wants, but he is nevertheless under discipline for eight months of the year which is as hard and irksome as any other training.

Out of bed early in the morning, and an early retirement are two necessities. Strict temperance is another. His morning is taken up with brisk walking exercise, a visit to the ground, where ball kicking and punching, sprinting, and an occasional steady run keep him going nearly until dinner time.

In the afternoon more walking, a round of golf, a cycle ride, or in very bad weather a visit to the club and billiards, solo, or bridge, on days when there is no match, occupy his afternoons. Or perhaps he pays a visit to some other football ground, where valuable points are gleaned concerning the play of rival teams.

In the evening about once a week a theatre may be visited, and social intercourse with his fellow man fills up two or three more. The others are frequently spent in the train *en route* to some other centre of the game, often hundreds of miles away.

A professional footballer playing in the Southern and Western Leagues will travel an average of 100 miles a week through eight months in the year. For some weeks before the cup-ties come along in January he will be away for what is called special training. The team, in charge of the trainer and a director, will be located for a week or a fortnight at a hydro or some seaside hotel, and then the footballer is under even stricter discipline than a soldier on the march.

Another thing which tends to make the paid player live a sober and clean life is the fact that he can hardly hope to be a first class man for much over seven or eight years, and then only by care and training. He can by the rules of the Association earn no more than £208 per annum, and he is not allowed a benefit until he has completed five years' service to one club.

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Stop eating before you are stuffed.

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Let nothing come between you and your God.

And last, but not least, in the words of the immortal Irishman, "If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."

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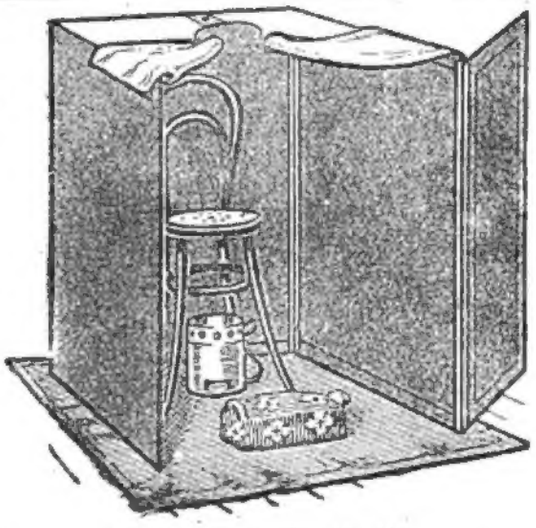

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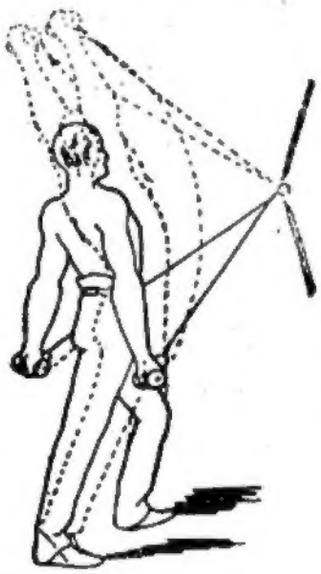

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